

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN.

NOV 6 1912

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXVI.—No. 672.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1909.

PRICE SIXPENCE. BY POST, 6½d.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY OF WALES.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

Our Portrait Illustration: H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Wales	689, 690
Curling Ponds Old and New	690
Country Notes	691
English Natural history at the Royal. (Illustrated)	693
A Subject-Index	696
Agricultural Notes	697
Tales of Country Life: The Second Edition	699
Stalking for Boys	701
Wall Gardening at the King's Sanatorium. (Illustrated)	701
In the Garden	704
Country Home: Breccia Hall—II. (Illustrated)	706
Wild Country Life	713
The Angler in Canada. (Illustrated)	714
The Value of Pouching Matches. (Illustrated)	716
Literature	719
On the Green. (Illustrated)	721
Correspondence	722

The Law and the Bungalow; A Festival of Empire (The Earl of Plymouth); Penalties Under the Children's Act; Dutch and English Naval Memorials (Zoon, H. A. Street, R.N.); Ori, in of the Hunson; A Sanctuary Knocker (Mrs. Broughton); Beet Sugar in England; South African Squirrels (Mr. C. E. Simons); The Cooking of the Woodcock; Sweet Peas in Pots (Mr. Percy M. Collins); A Timely Reminder (Mr. F. Lumbers); Nilghai Brought Uphy Hand (Miss N. S. Sorell); Pruning Magnolias (Miss A. H. Cocks); Olive Trees in Majorca (Mr. Wundham FitzHerbert).

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* With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an illustrated Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympia Motor Exhibition.

CURLING PONDS OLD AND NEW.

IF the old adage comes true that November snow never goes till April, it is certain that those who are addicted to the "roaring game" will have the best of times during the present winter. Other people may grumble at continued snow and frost; but they rejoice the heart of the curler of the old-fashioned sort, who is never so happy as when pursuing his game with the ice thick and the snow falling. Hard winters are needed to enjoy the game, and the very fact that it is so frequently mentioned in Scottish legend and poetry goes some way to show that the winters must have been very much harder in the olden time than they are now. Burns refers to curlers quitting their roaring play as though they were as essential figures in the landscape as the ploughman of "Gray's Elegy," homeward plodding his weary way. Like golf and other Scottish games, too, it was for gentle and simple alike. Only within, comparatively speaking, very recent times have games become so very expensive that an income is required to play them. The golfer of old took his sticks to the rough links nearest at hand and did not dream of employing a caddie to carry them unless he happened to be exceptionally rich or lazy. Curling stones were possessed by all kinds of people, and they produced them from odd corners when the welcome frost and snow came. Often the keenest of contests

took place between humble village artisans or even farm-labourers of the class to which Burns belonged. So much can be gathered from many a book on Scottish life. Curling, like nearly every other game, has been taken up and developed by modern hands. In these circumstances, some consideration of the changes and improvements that have been effected in curling ponds cannot be out of place. The old curling ponds—the mill dams, the lochs and the old quarry holes—were never safe with less than 2in. of ice, and one often had to wait for weeks before this was obtained, and, not infrequently, a whole winter would pass without the stones being once out. It was tantalising to see the ice gradually thicken until it was almost ready to bear, and then to have a south wind blow it away in a few hours. It was vexing to find in the morning a thick covering of snow over the inch-thick ice of the evening before. It was impossible to clear away the snow and the temperature was hardly at freezing point below it. These and kindred troubles tried the patience of the best of men and damped the spirits of the most enthusiastic of the curling clan. But out of all the troubles good came, in due season. The problem was attacked, and a solution of all difficulties was ultimately reached.

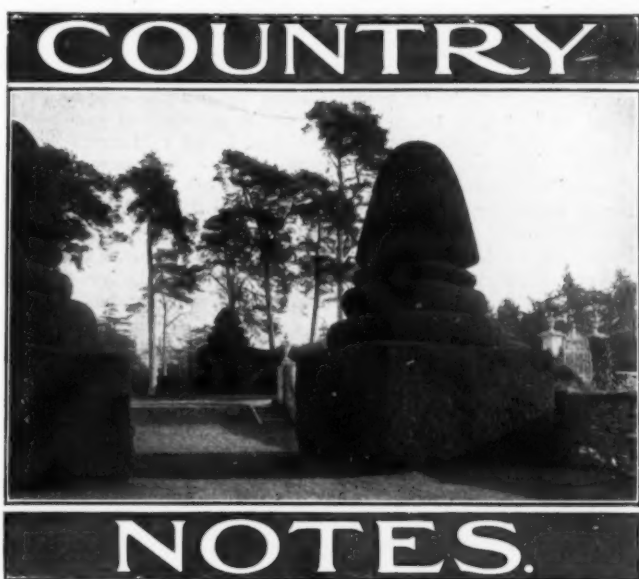
Concrete "ponds" were first tried, holding from 2in. to 1in. of water. These were an improvement, but did not meet the full requirements of players. It was difficult to make the concrete surfaces level, and even with all care used the levels were found to vary by 2in. or even 1in., which, of course, meant that when the ice was solid on some parts of the pond, it was not so on others. The concrete also frequently cracked and leaked, and bumps developed where no bumps ought to have been. So, although more curling was obtained than was possible on natural ponds, it was felt that the last word had not been said in the art of rink-making. Then some fertile brain conceived the idea of sprinkling water, during frost, on a level surface, and thus forming a thin coating of ice "while you wait," so to speak. This was tried, and was found to be altogether successful in providing suitable curling ice, not liable to flake off or wear out. But the battle was only half won when this point had been reached. The other half had to do with the kind of surface to be provided; how, and of what materials, should it be made? A raised platform of wood, laid level like a room floor, was found to do very well, and a rink of this description is in use at Ryton, near Newcastle. But the plan which is most favoured is to lay engine ashes, of varying degrees of fineness, on a foundation of broken stones or bricks, and to apply boiling gas-tar with a watering-can over the ashes. The tar sinks into the ashes and binds the mass together, and provides an excellent surface for spraying when properly done. The rink so made is like a huge table-top, raised about 3in. above a surrounding gutter, which carries off superfluous water. Many of these artificial rinks are now in use, and more are being made year by year. We may mention in passing that these rinks should always be made on the north side of a belt of trees, and should lie east and west. If placed north and south, the sun of February and March will be high enough to spoil the north end, while the south end is still quite good. It is desirable, also, that the tree-belt should be of conifers, preferably spruce or silver fir. Deciduous trees cause trouble by shedding their leaves over the rink, and these frequently get frozen in and prevent the free run of the stones.

The question is often asked, "Do the artificial ponds 'play' as well as natural ice?" Our answer is that we think they do. Just at first one misses the singing which a large sheet of ice, on deep water, makes as the stones travel over it; the artificial ice, too, for a time feels dead and unyielding. But this feeling passes after an hour or two. Indeed, the artificial rink is to be preferred, for more than one reason. "Bias" shows itself upon it just as on deep-water ice, but, unlike that shown by the latter, it is constant and unvarying, and can usually be overcome by a suitable turn of the handle, and the near limits of the "made" rink help the eye to measure the distance between tee and tee better than the far-away margin of a big pond or lake. The great advantage of an artificial rink of some kind is shown by the fact that on the English Border they were curling on April 25th and again on November 1st. They might even have had two games in October.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Wales, the only daughter of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



DURING the week King Edward VII. has been entertaining a welcome visitor to England in the person of King Manoel of Portugal, who celebrated his twentieth birthday on his arrival in this country. His Portuguese Majesty, who is full of boyish enthusiasm and high spirits, has probably discovered by this time that there is no country under the sun where life is so pleasant as England to young men of his age. For whatever be its drawbacks, England is still pre-eminent as the land of sport. At twenty the spirits are neither depressed nor elevated by changes of temperature, and the weather is the only drawback to enjoyment. Long inured to its changes, Englishmen are accustomed to carry on their amusements without paying much regard to it except when this is absolutely necessary, as when frost keeps the hunter in the stable. There is no more typical English sportsman than his Royal host, and this is the very best season for outdoor sport. The leaves have tumbled from the trees in a great hurry at last, and pheasant-shooting can scarcely be enjoyed under circumstances more favourable. Yet it is but one of many excellent pastimes in which the King of Portugal has been engaged.

Everything is now pointing to a sharp revival of commercial activity. The usual memorandum on the state of the labour market in October, which the Board of Trade issued in the middle of the present month, is the most encouraging that has been printed for some time. It tells of a general increase of employment, except in one or two callings in which a seasonal decrease is expected. The building trade, for example, always declines a little as the autumn advances; but, on the other hand, the clothing and printing trades improve at the same season. Iron and steel, engineering, the ship-building industry, the woollen, worsted, linen, silk and lace trades are all advancing. If these figures are set side by side with others bearing on the same subject, such as the increased Revenue returns, the increasing exports and imports and the decrease of pauperism, they show that we are emerging at last from the stagnation of the last year or two. It is perhaps not wise to rejoice prematurely, especially with the prospect of a hard winter before us and unsatisfactory crop returns; but, taking a very moderate view of the situation, the outlook must be described as hopeful and encouraging.

Lord Plymouth, in our "Correspondence" columns this week, sets forth the arrangements that have been made for holding a "Festival of Empire" next year. Perhaps the title is not very happy, though the thing itself is bound to meet with universal approval. The Greek tragedian said, "In the hour of greatest prosperity sacrifice thy dearest to the gods," and, to some minds, the idea of celebrating Empire by a festival will appear ominous. But, after all, that is only a title. The idea is to bring together representatives of all the countries that are under the governance of the King, so that they may meet in friendly union and conversation, the ultimate object being to knit the different peoples more closely together. The success of the Imperial Press Congress which was held early this year offers good augury for that of a kindred project. The scene of the rejoicings is to be the Crystal Palace, and among the amusements provided for our visitors will be a Pageant of London, which, if properly managed, ought to be most brilliant and fascinating. No other town in the world can show such a history as the capital of Great Britain. Nearly every square foot of it has been the scene of important, touching or historical incidents, and the difficulty of those who

arrange the pageant will be to make a selection from the wealth of material at their disposal.

Two interesting speeches were made respectively by Lord Lytton and Sir Oliver Lodge at the meeting of the Parents' Educational Union at Birmingham on Monday night. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his own independent and original manner, pointed out what a great deal of bad teaching is given to children, whereas the object of the good teacher should always be to arouse curiosity. The bad teacher succeeds in deadening interest, and in deadening the soul of the child, by forcing him to learn things which have no attraction for him whatever. Sir Oliver mentioned arithmetic and grammar as being familiar weapons for generating dislike. A similar point was his plea that individual language and infantile lack of grammar should be allowed to go uncorrected. It is not desirable to make correct little pedants of small children, and it is much more natural to hear them speaking incorrect baby language than using language with the precision of older people. We entirely agree with Sir Oliver when he stigmatises as a literary crime the attempt to forbid children to hear fairy tales and the old stock stories. Man shall not live by bread alone, and whatever stirs feeling or appeals to the imagination has as good effect as the acquisition of any number of mere facts.

MINA.

My name is Wilhelmina Mirt
(Spelt with two little F's please notice;)
My pedigree, I dare assert,
Is longer than my wire-haired coat is;
For I am made of sturdy stuff,
And though so young know what a rat means;
While He swears I am game enough
To "go to ground," whatever that means.

Sometimes, since youthful puppy heads
Conceive ideas of duty sober,
I help Her at her garden beds
Through fragrant mornings of October;
And with the unsuspected aim
Of lending Her my best assistance,
Seeing Her dig I do the same,
If possible at some safe distance.

When He returns from Town at night
We meet Him coming from the station,
She with a welcome of delight,
I with more boisterous demonstration;
And as they, arm with arm compact,
In converse deep walk home together,
I, with my own peculiar tact,
Leap round His boots of shining leather.

One problem fills my mind with doubt,—
The cause is hid nor can I ask it—
Why sometimes I may play about,
At others may not leave my basket;
And I am mystified to know
Why Her commands appear so lenient,
While when He calls me I must go,
Whether or not it is convenient.

Yet profitless is such a thought;
For all our race 'tis *idem semper*;
(Pure Latin of a canine sort,
You see, comes natural as distemper;)
And doubtless ere a month is past
And Autumn's swirling leaves are rotten,
My lessons will be learnt at last,
The pains of learning be forgotten.

R. S. T. C.

"That blessed word Mesopotamia" used to convey to most of us no idea more definite than it occupied in the mind of the old lady who first used the phrase; but it emerged with a new and interesting meaning at the lecture which Sir William Willcocks delivered to the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night. Mesopotamia is at present the scene of a vast and useful enterprise. Sir William Willcocks was engaged by the new Turkish Government to employ engineers and survey and level the rivers and canals of the Tigris-Euphrates delta, and to devise projects for bringing back that vast country to civilisation. The land is one of ancient associations. Such rivers as the Tigris, Euphrates, Pison and Heddekel have been familiarised to us by the most ancient of literature. It is, therefore, with a certain surprise that we find them swimming into the range of practical discussion. Sir William talked of large areas, one three million acres and another six million acres, which he hopes in course of time will be made available for the cultivation of wheat. No doubt Sir William is looking a long way ahead; but after the manner in which similar projects have been carried out elsewhere, we cannot doubt that these places will some day be made available for adding to the food supply of the world.

There were many reasons for the assembly of the delegates who met at the Foreign Office on Tuesday to arrange for an international map of the world. It is an inconvenient and regrettable fact that a very large portion of the earth's surface has not been adequately surveyed and mapped out. In the British Islands, the United States and in the more advanced Continental countries it has been done, but there is much left for the cartographer to do. In order to maintain a sense of proportion it was necessary to fix upon some uniform scale, and the English one of sixteen statute miles to the inch is perhaps as good as any that could be suggested. It would also be of great service if a uniform language could be used on maps, as it is confusing to find different names for the same places. It is singular that an International agreement was arrived at to have a map of the heavens before one of the earth was discussed. That the latter should be one that people of all countries will be able to read and understand is the chief requirement, as it was set forth by Sir Charles Hardinge, who received the delegates in place of the Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, who was unavoidably absent.

Lord Avebury, that most vigilant guardian of the Bank Holiday, draws our attention to the fact that this year, for the fourth time since the passing of the Bank Holiday Act in 1871, Christmas falls on a Saturday. Like many other occurrences in life, this is a very inconvenient day for some people, while for others it is the best possible. Those who are engaged in shops probably like the Saturday holiday best of any, because it gives them entire freedom from the Friday night to the Tuesday morning. In many of the wholesale houses in the City this is extended to Wednesday morning, so that it will make a long week-end for the young people, who feel their confinement so much in the dreary month of December. While making this announcement Lord Avebury draws attention to one or two other points. Closing orders have been obtained in about 300 towns, and under the Act of 1904 the hour of closing is in the hands of the shopkeepers themselves, subject to the approval of the local authorities. He expresses his regret that the House of Commons, owing to its preoccupation with other business, did not find time to deal with the Sunday Closing Bill, which was passed by the House of Lords. It is generally agreed now both by those who take the religious view into account, and by those who do not, that rest on the seventh day is essential to good work, and probably on these broad grounds a reasonable Sunday Closing Bill would be very popular in the country.

We congratulate our contemporary, the *Field*, on the appointment of Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook as editor. He ought to prove a worthy successor to Mr. Senior, who after long and valuable services is seeking retirement and leisure. Mr. Senior has made many friends and, as far as we know, not a single enemy in the responsible post which he is vacating. There is every reason for hoping that Mr. Cook will create an equally good record. He is both a scholar and a sportsman. His interests are extremely varied, as he is at one and the same time an excellent fencer, an oarsman and an accomplished student of racing, while our readers are very well aware of the thoroughness of his researches into the history of French châteaux and other houses. He will have full scope for the exercise of all these varied activities in the position he now undertakes, and into which he carries the good wishes of all who know him.

In the course of a recent address to the Surveyors' Institution Mr. Alexander Rose Stenning made a very clear analysis of the meaning of the phrase "Prairie Value." The phrase has been very much used of late and it is well that it should be thoroughly understood as far as it is applicable to English land. It is very evident that soil which has been continually tilled for a thousand years and more can have very little of its original fertility left. Its present value is almost entirely due to the labour and capital spent upon it. It would scarcely be unfair to say that the average farmer works on a hard plate on which rests two feet or so of earth which he must plough, and drain, and fertilise in order to obtain crops from it. The ploughs of generations have passed over this shell but have not broken it. When this is taken into consideration it will be seen that the prairie value of land that has been for a long time in cultivation is very little indeed. The speaker had some remarks to make on small holdings that may possibly be distasteful to some enthusiasts, but have a good backing of common-sense. It will take a very skilful labourer to make eighteen shillings a week out of the average small holding.

There is every reason to hope very good things from the inauguration of a motor transport service to bring farmers' produce directly to London from all the Home Counties. At a meeting on Friday night last of the Maidstone Farmers' Club, it

was stated that a commencement would be made in Kent in February next, with a daily service conveying 120 tons of produce from the Maidstone district to the London markets. The idea is to leave a lorry on each of certain of the producing farms during the day, to be fetched away by a motor-engine when filled and taken to a central dépôt where the lorries will be connected up and proceed by road direct to London. The advantages are greater cheapness of rate in conveyance of produce to market and increased speed of conveyance. The buyer may get the farm and market-garden produce more quickly and fresher, and the producer and buyer will be in more immediate communication. This Maidstone Farmers' Club is an influential body, including large agriculturists and dairymen, and it is significant that they are endorsing the scheme by their support.

At a meeting of the Dumb Friends' League, held at Esher at the end of last week, attention was forcibly drawn to the dreadful cruelty which is continually inflicted on horses that are unfit for work, according to the standard of fitness which is recognised in England, and are therefore sold at a very little over knacker's prices for export to the Continent. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been very active in getting up prosecutions in gross instances of the kind, and it is stated that they have obtained convictions in more than 600 cases since 1902 in connection with this traffic alone. While this shows how active the society is, it also affords evidence of the immense numbers of decrepit horses thus exported; it is said that the annual total amounts to 50,000. The Dumb Friends' League aims at arousing a sentiment throughout the country that this is an inhuman commerce which ought to be stopped, and can be effectively stopped by the simple means of placing an export duty on horses—a duty which, though light, would be sufficient to destroy the small profit made by the sale of these almost valueless poor creatures, and so put an end to the trade.

AS DARKNESS FALLS.

Lo! Darkness falls!
We two alone upon the mountain height
Save for yon bird that skyward takes its flight,
And calls and calls
To his dear mate, to bid her fly with him
From darkening skies, a world so gray and dim.
And that sad mate,
How oft alas! reluctant wing she tries,
Then sinks to earth with small and plaintive cries,
"Too late too late!
Mount thou on eager wing to heavens clear,
But leave ah! leave me for my nest is here."
Thou too dost call,
And to the depths my restless heart is stirred,
Thy soul I hear, I hear the lonely bird,
And soft tears fall;
In that I love I can but bid thee go,
The heights for thee, for me the valley low,
And darkness falls.

M. E. T.

If carefully considered, the International Poultry Show, which was opened at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, throws a curious light upon the hobbies and amusements of a great part of the population. This exhibition is not one which has for its end the encouragement of egg or chicken production, but is essentially for the "fancy," and how large that fancy is may be judged by the extraordinary number of entries. There were no fewer than eleven thousand birds and rabbits present on Tuesday, and they were collected from many of the leading nations of Europe, Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, all being represented, while several exhibits had been sent over from the United States. This shows that the keeping and rearing of pure-bred chickens, pigeons, rabbits and "such small deer" is an amusement of the most popular and widespread kind. We have to remember that for every animal sent to compete for a prize there are, probably, hundreds which either are not thought good enough for that purpose or are kept merely for pleasure. Indeed, it is obvious that the dealer who earns his livelihood by traffic in these creatures has greater inducements to exhibit than he who only rides a hobby. No census has ever yet been taken of the population of pets, and there is no classification of the tribes to which they belong.

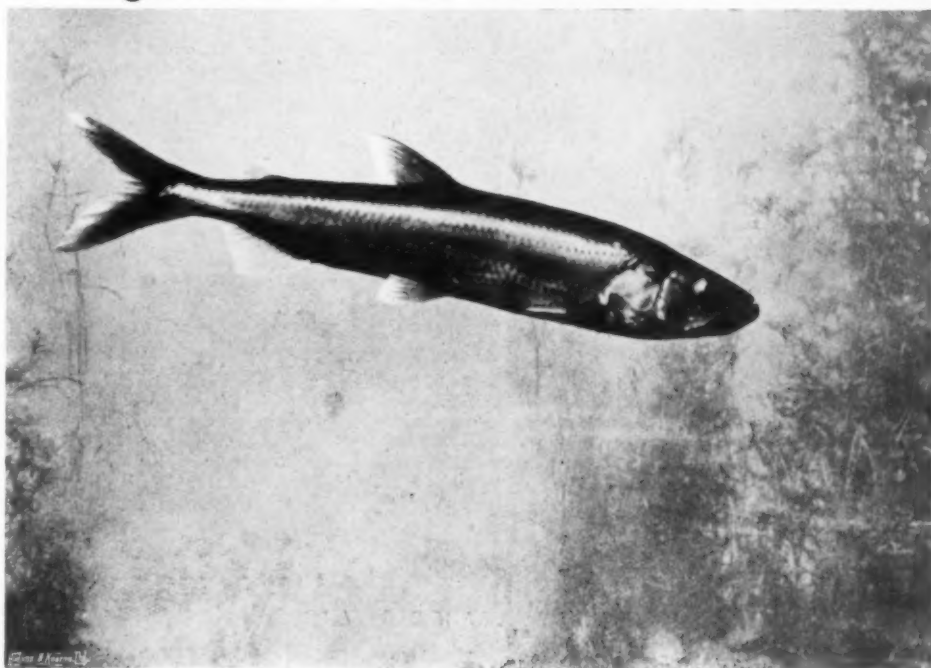
The Court of Appeal having given a final opinion that professional football players are workmen within the meaning of the Act, it will be curious if the paid players of other games do not claim, and, claiming, do not obtain, any advantages which may conceivably accrue to them as coming under that status. Certainly to the lay mind it seems only a reasonable verdict that a paid football player works for his living, and although one counsel tried to maintain the view that football was not labour, he was at once rebuked by an extra-judicial comment that that

opinion seemed to imply that he had never played it. Then the epithet "manual," prefixed to the labour, was thrown into the arena for discussion, as if having particular significance; but even if this had been upheld, as the kind of distinction which makes a difference, it is evident that it must lose any force in relation to such games as cricket and golf, where there is more strictly manual labour than in that

pastime which ought, etymologically, to be restricted to foot-work. If this plea had been held good, Rugby might have been differentiated from Association football, as permitting more work of the hands. Perhaps it was not even advanced seriously. In any case, it now appears that cricket and golf professionals engaged by clubs must be "workmen," and legally entitled to any due compensation as such.

ENGLISH NATURAL HISTORY AT THE ROYAL.

THAT the photographic study of wild life continues to make progress will be evident from the selection of pictures from the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society at the New Gallery which are here reproduced. They are all examples of what we may call the British school. Our admiration of them ought not to blind us to the fact that in other countries progress that is at least equal has been made. Particularly is this the case with regard to Germany, as we hope to show in a succeeding number, when some of the finest pictures of the school whose centre is Berlin will be reproduced. They will demonstrate that the



Francis Ward.

SMELT (FROM LIFE).

Copyright

German is singularly well-equipped for achieving success in this direction. He is painstaking and patient to the highest degree; no detail is too insignificant to attract his attention, and the very fact that the people suffer to a great extent from weak eyesight has led them to devote much time and trouble to the perfecting of all kinds of optical instruments. Also they have wilder and larger forests to explore and a greater variety of subjects. Our readers will find it extremely profitable to compare the work of the two countries, which in this respect are the friendliest of rivals. English wild life, if not so rich as that of some less densely



Douglas English.

A CROUCHING FOX.

Copyright.



W. F. Sainsbury.

A BROODING GREY LAG.

Copyright.

inhabited countries, holds unfading attraction for a people who, despite the number of their factories and the magnitude of their towns, remain at heart devoted to the country. The outstanding merit of the photographs before us is that each in its own way is a presentation not only of an individual animal, but of the character, history and traditions of the race to which it belongs. When a photographer addresses photographers his talk is naturally of lenses and cameras, of the artifices and machinery of his craft; but with the general public these are but secondary interests; the primary one lies in the degree to which the artist has realised the popular conception of an animal. The two pictures by that master of technique, Mr. Douglas English, will

make our point clear. In the fox and hare we have a vigorous contrast of character; one is the most timid and for its size the fleetest of our wild creatures. As it trusts entirely to flight for safety, it has to be always on the watch, and hence is most difficult to photograph in its wild haunts. Three or four years ago we reproduced a series of pictures from the camera of one of the very few amateurs who have made the study of hares a special hobby. They were mostly taken as they were stealing from the barren uplands to seek food in the falling dusk or returning in the dawn. Often, too, we have published views of leverets in the nest. The hare of Mr. Douglas English, sitting there so gentle, timid and watchful, so helpless-looking and yet with legs

and back that are made for a gallop, brings, so to speak, the whole life of the animal into focus. But the fox, the very emblem of cunning, is with great naturalness shown in the crouching attitude of a beast of prey. He is a cub, and his attitude suggests playful imitation rather than the full intent of a fox rendered deadly earnest by the pangs of hunger. But the wiliness of his face is that of an animal that has inherited the capacity for creeping on his prey from countless generations. The attitude is one that the draughtsman has often tried to render, but without the complete success which crowns the present effort. Undoubtedly there are subjects which are more adapted to the brush and pencil than the camera; but here the last mentioned is in its right place and no painter could hope to gain a better result.

As in the chill month of November we look at these small birds perched among the reeds or feeding their young every thought of picture and camera disappears. It is spring and the springtime of life again. When results so



Douglas English.

TIMID AND FLEET.

Copyright.

perfect, so true to nature as these are obtained, they do not evoke admiration so much as they recall old memories of long bright days spent in the marshland with these as companions. Miss Turner, to whose skill and patience the picture of the tiny mother is due, has retained her early passion. It is her way of seeking enjoyment to steal away into these quiet places where the small feathered people find rest from disturbance and freedom to carry out their breeding instincts. By means of her camera she enables us to enjoy a reflection of her own pleasure.

The reed-bunting, so finely pictured by Mr. Armytage Sanders, is a resident and not a rare bird. We remember it now as one looked for in early spring almost as soon as that of the hedge-sparrow, the song-thrush and the blackbird. It was not found in exactly the same sort of place as that in which these photographs were taken. Adjoining a slow and winding river was a low rich haugh or meadow which bore nutritious grass and wild and useless daisies on the whole of its surface except a few acres in the middle. This bit was amply drained with ditches but had not been rendered fertile. The only crop it bore was an abundance of the common rush, and though this did not attract the sheep and cattle, it gave harbourage to many wild things. The water-vole swam in the ditches or nibbled at the herbage, the hare made her form amid the rushes, the wild duck brought up her brood in the swamp, as did the water-hen, and the reed-bunting, or "black pow," as the North Country children called it, made its nest in the outlying tussocks. It had brown-spotted eggs which were not difficult to find. The bird is bold and handsome, but not very tuneful; it charms the eye more than the ear.

We have left the sea-bird coming to, or rising from, its nest as the last on which to comment, because of the exceeding beauty of

trained hand cannot easily surmount them. But the beetling cliff, the sea, the clouds, the bird caught in an act of beautiful motion, combine to give us something for which the artist strives in vain to achieve with his paint brush and palette. Though it has chosen to make a temporary home in order to discharge a function from which no life is wholly exempt, the bird seems to tell us by the very action of its wing that its true place is as a wanderer cruising above the brine and billow. It is a freebooter of the



H. Armytage Sanders. MALE REED-BUNTING.

Copyright.

the picture. Here, indeed, is a poem in black and white. There is nothing exceptional either in the situation of the nest or the species of the bird to lend a special ornithological interest. Nor are the technical photographic difficulties so great that the



H. Armytage Sanders. FEMALE REED-BUNTING. Copyright.

ocean, whose freebooting for the moment is subservient to duty to the race.

There is still a wide domain of Nature remaining to be explored by the camera. It has conquered the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, so that none is so wild and shy but that he can be pictured. No adequate means has yet been devised of treating in the same way the multitude of beautiful organisms that live in the water. Of course, we know that some progress has been made. Now and again very interesting results are produced.

The mammalia of salt water have been most successfully photographed. Seals in nearly every form and attitude they assume, whales and porpoises as they come up to breathe—these have been caught in the act. Also fishes have been very successfully photographed (witness the one reproduced in a neighbouring page), but the life of the great deep has not yet been portrayed in the same way as that of the land and the open air.

We have never, for example, been shown a shoal of fishes in the same manner as a flight of seagulls or other birds has been caught by the camera. All that we have had is the snapshot of a salmon forcing its way up stream; or, at most, such a glimpse of fish in water as we have been discussing. Yet only a comparatively short time ago how impossible it seemed to hope that the camera would ever be able to catch anything so rapid as the flight of a bird. So many obstacles have been overcome and so many difficulties conquered that it would be rash to prophesy that



Riley Fortune.

THE RETURNING SEAGULL.

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the time will not come when the expert will be able to give studies of the people of the water not unworthy to be compared with those we have already of the folk of the air.

A SUBJECT-INDEX.

THE Subject-Index of the London Library, which has been compiled by Mr. Hagberg Wright, is one of the few books which completely baffle the reviewer. That intrepid person who, if the injured body of authors speak the truth, is ready to pass judgment upon anything and everything, finds himself reduced to diffidence by Mr. Hagberg Wright's stupendous enterprise. How shall he praise or blame a work whose qualities can be revealed only by years of patient use? How shall he express a hasty opinion on more than a thousand pages of small type, which, if they fail not of their purpose, may become the raw material, so to say, of another vast library of research?

A catalogue is not easy to read. It suffers, like the dictionary, from a mournful discontinuity. Strong enough in nouns and adjectives, it is pitifully deficient in verbs, and its true meaning is plain only to the expert. It is none the less necessary for that; indeed, the enormous multiplication of books renders some such guide as a Subject-Index indispensable. It was once said that the most useful kind of knowledge was the knowledge where facts may be found, and this

knowledge, limited as it might seem, was long ago found too burdensome for the human mind. The human mind can no longer carry the weight of learning, which the industry of book-makers would lay upon it. It must, perforce, lay aside its load, and here is a sturdy helper, ready and willing to carry the load. Why, indeed, should we remember the provenance of anything, when we have the Subject-Index of the London Library to tell us where it may be found?

In older, happier days, as his books were few, the scholar might find his way about a library without much trouble, and the search was always profitable, for the reader, in looking for what he wanted, often found treasures whose existence he did not suspect. But to-day we must divide our labour. We must have catalogues of authors. Without them we cannot read. And now it has been decreed, most wisely, by Mr. Hagberg Wright, that we are to have at least one Subject-Index to lighten our toil and to direct our wandering eyes aright. It needs but use, we are sure, to prove how deep we are sunk in the debt of gratitude.

"A library without a Subject-Index," says Mr. Hagberg Wright, "is to the unlearned reader what an unmapped country is to the ordinary traveller, and is practically useless for the purpose of his researches." He might have omitted the word "unlearned," for there is none so learned, we imagine, as to disdain the proffered aid. How it came to be given is briefly sketched in an illuminating preface. Its only begetter was Sir Leslie Stephen, whose encouragement persuaded Mr. Hagberg Wright to undertake the task. The material with which the librarian had to work was the very best. As he truly says, "the London Library is especially adapted for a Subject-Index. It is of the right size and the right quality." A library which contains more than 250,000 books is too unwieldy to be catalogued. The London Library is restrained within the proper limits, and its Subject-Index has been compiled after the consultation of 200,000 volumes of all shapes and sizes.

The speed with which the vast work has been accomplished is miraculous. Six years ago its general principles were discussed and defined by a committee. On May 1st, 1905, the task of compilation was actually begun, and it has thus been brought to completion in less than five years. All those concerned may take a legitimate pride in their achievement, and for many a year to come scholars and men of letters may lean with confidence upon the support thus furnished by Mr. Hagberg Wright and his colleagues. If there exists anywhere a better labour-saving apparatus, we are not familiar with it. If we may attempt the impossible, and pass a rough, hasty judgment upon the labour of five years, we would say that the thoroughness of the Index is matched only by its breadth of view. It includes all subjects, and will be useful to the student of science and politics, of literature and philosophy. Are you interested in Byzantine history? You will find six columns packed with books of reference. As you turn the pages you come upon exhaustive articles dealing with Playing Cards, Caves, Dew-ponds and the Coptic Church. It is sometimes said that historians have paid too little attention to Ireland, and here is a list of books, covering some five-and-twenty columns, and all devoted to Irish literature and Irish affairs. Paris is dismissed in ten columns, while London claims for itself half as many again.



E. L. Turner.

A HUNGRY FAMILY.

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Theologians are always prolific, and we are not surprised to find almost fourteen columns filled with Sermons and Homilies. But the philosophers outstrip all competitors, and require for their elucidation no less than forty columns.

One or two omissions we have noted. Under "Acting" we miss the names of Charles Lamb and G. H. Lewes. There should surely be found space, in the article on Free Trade and Protection, for Disraeli's "Life of Lord George Bentinck," the best and most picturesque account that ever will be written of the repeal of the Corn Laws. And this mention of Disraeli brings us to a general complaint that novels have not been given the place that should rightly be theirs as illustrations of social life. If you would know how our forefathers of the eighteenth century lived and talked, you must read the novels

of Fielding, Richardson and Smollett. Memoirs, of course, have their value. But the greatest novels are memoirs epitomised by genius, which give a true and reasoned picture of society. The rest of books are mere dry bones. The absence of these illustrative books is the more noticeable, because novels, as such, are not excluded. For instance, under "Aigues Mortes" we find mentioned that true *locus classicus*, M. Barrès' "Le Jardin de Berenice." However, we did not set out to review this work, and we know how easy it is to detect holes in the most cunningly contrived monument of learning. What is not easy is to construct the monument, and Mr. Hagberg Wright deserves, besides the warm gratitude of all scholars, the unstinted praise which is due to a work at once wisely conceived and conscientiously carried out.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

WINTER FOOD FOR FARMSTOCK.

THE late harvest and wet weather have thrown all farmwork behindhand. Many farmers are only now starting to drill wheat, and so great is the anxiety of many of them to see this grain sown that they are neglecting to store their mangold crop and are thus running the risk of having it injured by frosts. I always attempt to have mangolds in heaps and covered down with straw by November 5th; but this season it was a week later when these valuable roots were protected. With a view of minimising the bill for manual labour it is now customary on many holdings to leave the swede crop on the fields and only to draw them from the land day by day as required. Although the swede is a much hardier root than the mangold, and one that will withstand very severe frosts without turning rotten, still, swedes that are thrown into heaps and protected by a covering of earth have a far greater feeding value than those which are left exposed through the winter. When it is intended to utilise this crop by pulping it, either for cattle in the yards or for fat sheep to consume on the land, it is, I am sure, the most economical method to store in heaps after first cutting off the leaves and roots. When roots are "pitted" in heaps on the field in which they are grown, great care must be taken thoroughly to spread all the earth and refuse that remain from the heap after the swedes are consumed, otherwise the following corn crop will grow too rank on the spots where were these heaps, and more often than not "laid" patches of corn, which spoil the sample, will be the result.

It will be necessary on most farms to restrict the consumption of hay this winter, as this crop was a poor one. Fortunately, roots are, as a rule, plentiful, and cart-horses, if fed with kohlrabi, or even swedes, and later on with mangolds mixed with chaff, thrive remarkably well and hay may be dispensed with. Such is not the case, however, when feeding lighter horses that have to travel at a faster speed. When hay is used on a farm it is better to truss a stipulated allowance once a week for the horse-keepers, stockmen, etc., rather than, as is often the case, to allow these men to cut and carry away hay from the stack as they please. This latter is a most wasteful plan, as not only does each man attempt to obtain the choicest cuts for the animals he feeds and leave the rest in the rick-yard for those fed by his fellow-servants, but more than is absolutely necessary is fetched every day and is wasted in the stables and yards and becomes trodden into the dung. Attendants on farm-stock who take a real interest and pride in the animals under their charge, invariably attempt to obtain for them the best food and more of it, too, than is really necessary. The better the stockman, the more necessary it is for his master to see that no waste of provender takes place.

The question as to what are the most economical artificial foods to buy during the coming winter to produce beef, mutton, pork and milk, or to keep breeding or young stock in a growing and thriving condition, is one which every agriculturist must answer for himself. The price of feeding-stuffs not only varies every season, but every week, and differs in each locality; and besides our home-grown produce there is such an assortment of foreign cakes and corn imported nowadays from which to choose. When selecting and purchasing artificial foods, many persons are influenced chiefly by the price per quarter or per ton, and do not compare sufficiently the feeding and manurial value of the various cakes, etc., offered to them. In farming, as in every business, it is not always the article that costs the least money that is the cheapest in the long run.

W.

DECREASE OF SWINE-FEVER.

AT first sight the latest statistics on swine-fever look rather puzzling, and as, in the present position of the pig-keeping industry, the subject is one of great importance, a word of explanation may be useful. Last year the Board of Agriculture quietly altered their tactics, allowing a little more freedom for

removal, but at the same time applying their powers of slaughter of pigs which have been in contact with the disease with greater strictness. If the following figures mean anything, they afford presumptive evidence that the above change of policy is having a good effect. During the first eight months of the present year the outbreaks were only 1,323, against 1,593 in the corresponding months of last year, while the number of animals slaughtered went up from 9,400 to 11,984, and those slaughtered in last September were 992 against 900 last year. This means in principle the stamping out process, and so far that has been found the only effective one for dealing with some diseases. It cannot be said that swine-fever and the restrictions on removal which it involves are the chief causes of the present shortage and high price of pigs in England; but if we could exterminate the disease there is no doubt it would greatly encourage a more uniform and regular production.

THE SALE SEASON IN SCOTLAND.

We have now at our disposal the results of the public sales of shorthorns and Aberdeen-Angus in 1909. It is interesting to compare the two breeds as far as their respective values are indicated by public competition. In the present year 1,301 Aberdeen-Angus pedigree cattle were thus disposed of, at an average of £24 14s. each. This was an improvement on the result of 1908, when 1,146 averaged £22 4s. 1d. A Scottish paper in dealing with the subject dubs the Aberdeens as the "black but comely" breed, and claims that they are yearly gaining in popularity. The highest price of the year was £273, while last year it was only £189, and buyers from Ireland and America were said to be the making of the spring sales. The average price of the 1,472 head of shorthorns sold was £35 11s. 5d., against 1,554 head at £30 0s. 10d. last year. In 1906 the average was very much higher, having been £59 12s. 3d., and £47 11s. 2d. in 1907. The high averages of that year were due to the liberal buying for Argentina, whereas this year sellers have had to rely far more on the home trade. The results this year are, therefore, more satisfactory than they seem. A good demand for home means that there are more new herds being formed, and also points to more enterprise and desire for progress on the part of the ordinary tenant farmers.

THE OFFICIAL ESTIMATE OF CROPS

Judging by the estimates collected by the Board of Agriculture, the year 1909 ought to be a very prosperous one for British farmers, for the yields of wheat, barley and oats are all shown thereby to be considerably above the ten years' average. The area sown with wheat was 200,000 acres larger than in 1908 and the estimated yield 33.76 bushels, which is 2.30 bushels above the average of the ten years ending 1908, and 1.47 bushels above that of last year. We also grew about 750,000 acres more barley than in 1908, and the yield is put at 36.63 bushels, which is 3.54 bushels above the ten years' average. Oats are surprisingly high after all the talk of eel-worm attacks, but the abundant rain seems to have suited them, for they are placed at an average of 41.31 bushels, exceeding the average by 1.66 bushels. Beans and peas are both estimated a little below the ten years' average; but, taken as a whole, the returns are most gratifying, or, rather, they would have been so did we not know how the estimates must be discounted by the waste and damage of a bad harvest over a large portion of the country. True, a small proportion of the crops were secured with very little damage, but this was confined to a few favoured districts, and it is to be feared that the returns just issued may lead non-professional readers to take far too sanguine a view of the situation.

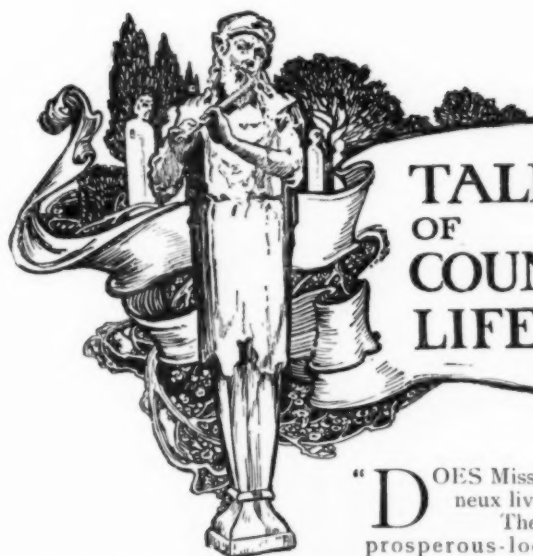
THE INCREASE IN SHEEP.

The announcement that we have added very nearly 500,000 to our stock of sheep will come as a surprise to many in view of the low prices which have prevailed for many months, and I must own that I was not prepared to see so large an increase. A careful examination of the figures, however, shows that at least half the increase consisted in sheep above one year old other than breeding ewes. This points to the fact that vast numbers of farmers kept back their turnip-fed sheep in the spring in the hopes of better prices in the summer and autumn, and that these were counted in the June enumeration. This extra supply has had to be forced on the market since midsummer, and has, doubtless, assisted in keeping down prices. As there was only an increase of 29,162 lambs, equivalent to .03 per cent., we may hope that when the market is relieved of this incalculable there will be a chance of some little improvement. The real bug-bear is the accumulation of some 2,000,000 carcasses of frozen mutton in cold storage which are not wanted at present. As regards home stocks, we are still over 1,100,000 short of those of 1892.

A. T. MATTHEWS.

*Howard Barrett.**THE QUORN OFF TO DRAW AT GARTREE HILL.*

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BY
M. E. FRANCIS.



"DOES Miss Mary Molyneux live here?"

The stout, ruddy, prosperous-looking man, whose black coat and silk hat

looked out of place in this North Country farmyard, gazed about him as he spoke, with a smile which puzzled the recipient of his query.

"One met fancy the place belonged to him," thought Jim Molyneux, with natural proprietary resentment.

"Yes," he said aloud, with characteristic brevity.

"Can I see her?" pursued the other.

Jim looked at him with a growing sense of injury. It was half-past three on a Saturday, a time when anybody with a bit of sense should know that folks were like to be busy. Everybody was extra busy at the farm just then, moreover, for Christmas was at hand and active preparations were in progress for the spending of it in a becoming manner. During the intervening days much work was crowded into the short hours to counter-balance holiday "pleasuring." The extensive and searching process of "cleaning-up," proper to the day, had been for the moment interrupted by the yet more important claims of milking; but indoors, if the scrubbing and polishing were at an end, the women-folk would, no doubt, be in the midst of their own ablutions.

"I'll see," he remarked, grudgingly. "Aunt Polly's very like upstairs cleaning her."

"Is Miss Molyneux your aunt?" enquired the newcomer, with a glance at the lad which he found even less to his taste than that cast about the premises, a glance which seemed to say that Jim himself in some unaccountable way belonged to him.

Indeed, Jim was a tall, broad-shouldered, well-set-up youth, good-looking enough to justify a friendly pride, but the newcomer was a stranger. Another lad, fairer and younger and evidently a brother, paused, pail in hand, to stare at the stranger from the "shippon" door, while from within came the pleasant sound of milk splashing into a can, accompanied by a girl singing.

Throwing open a narrow house-door, Jim unceremoniously entered, leaving his guest to polish his feet on the mat in the passage. The big family living-room was empty, but oh, how immaculately clean! Everything that could be polished was polished till it positively glittered; the freshly-scrubbed flags were strewn with sand; even the fitches and hams, depending from the big beam in the ceiling, appeared to have donned new muslin overalls. The warming-pan, hanging up behind the door, sent back the light of the sinking sun with dazzling radiance.

Jim walked gingerly across the spotless floor and, opening the door which gave access to the narrow stairs, called, "Aunt."

"Well?" was the response, in shrill feminine tones.

"Here's soombry coom to see yo'."

"Who?"

"I dunno who. 'Tis a stranger." Here Jim paused to cast an appraising glance at the newcomer, after which, edging his broad shoulders through the door, he continued in a stage whisper: "'Tis a middle-aged chap—looks like he met ha' coom fro' town."

"Ax his name then, thou great noddy."

The visitor, stepping into the room, responded before Jim had time to formulate the query. "I'll wait till Miss Molyneux comes down, thank you. We've met before."

"Set a cheer and ax the gentleman to tak' a seat," came the mandate from above.

With two slouching strides and a swing of his powerful arms Jim complied, completing his aunt's behest by a jerk of the thumb towards the seat in question; then he returned to the stairway.

"I 'ave done that," he said.

"Well, I'm making as much haste as I can. I'll be down in a minute. Thou met mak' shift to talk about summat till I coom."

Jim unwillingly took up his position in front of the visitor. His manner was, perhaps, a trifle more civil than before, owing to the proximity of aunt; but the task of entertaining a stranger was by no means to his liking. His pale blue eyes strayed impatiently to the window, and his first remark betrayed the trend of his thoughts.

"It's milkin'-time," said Jim.

"Ah, to be sure, and you're all terribly busy. Pray don't mind me—I'll wait here till your aunt comes."

Jim, after a searching glance at him, inwardly decided that he was unlikely to carry off either the warming-pan or the fitches, and thankfully withdrew; and the stranger sat listening to the tramp of Miss Molyneux's hurried feet overhead, and the opening and shutting of drawers, until the rapid thump, thump of her sturdy shoes was heard descending the stairs. Then he rose, catching his breath with a sharp sound, as he glanced at the door.

Mary Molyneux was a middle-aged woman, comfortably stout, and yet trim at the waist; her round, ruddy face was now shining from the recent application of yellow soap; her brown hair, sleek as a dove's breast, was smoothed on either side of her broad brow and plaited with uncompromising tightness behind. Her print bodice and white apron crackled with starch and cleanliness.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry to ha' kept you so long waiting," she began, in her pleasant, high-pitched voice, a look of vague enquiry in her blue eyes. Then she suddenly stopped short and gasped, "It's never you, Will Prescott!"

"It is me, though," returned that gentleman, making a step towards her and extending both hands. "And how are you, Mary, my dear?"

But instead of responding to that greeting, Mary dropped into the nearest chair, staring as though unable to believe her eyes:

"Coom back arter all they years!" she ejaculated.

"Yes, I've come back," said Mr. Prescott, "and what's more, I've come back with a tidy bit of money."

"Have ye?" said Mary, reviving in some measure and smiling. "That's great news."

"I've more news for you than that, my dear," said Will, with a knowing look; "but I want to hear what you've got to tell me first. A man doesn't stay away for twenty years in America without expecting to hear of a few changes. I was more than a little bit surprised to find that you were single still, my dear. Why, what were the young fellows about that they didn't snap you up?"

"If I didn't get wed, it wasn't for want of bein' axed," said Mary, with a toss of the head. "I'd my reasons for keepin' single."

"I wonder if I can guess what they were," said Will, edging his chair a little nearer and gazing sentimentally at her.

"Nay, I don't suppose you can," returned she, briskly. "Our Tom—my brother, you know—his wife died, you see, when our Maggie was born—that's her youngest, and he axed me to come here and keep house for him and bring up childer, so I agreed and I've been here ever since. Our Tom died ten year ago, and left farm to me to keep a home for all three childer, so they can never turn me out, even if they was minded to; but they wouldn't do that. They're good lads—very good lads; and our Maggie is as nice a wench as ever stepped shoe-leather."

"Ah!" said Mr. Prescott, from whom the city polish appeared to be slipping more and more, and who accompanied the interjection with such a jerk of the head as might have been expected from Jim himself. "So the farm's yours. Well, you'll have no need of it now; you can make it over altogether to your

nevvies and niece. I've come back from America to make you a lady, my dear."

"Eh!" said Mary, flushing to the roots of her hair and gazing at him with a dropping jaw. Something within her, something long dead and forgotten, stirred faintly when he called her "my dear"; no one ever addressed her after that fashion. A vision rose to her out of the far past of the rosy-cheeked girl, who had been herself, responding to the endearments of her sweetheart. But that sweetheart had been young and slim, with curly hair and laughing eyes, very unlike this black-bearded, portly, pompous-looking man. The idea of expecting her to leave the farm and to abandon our Tom's lads and lass to their own devices in order to go and be a lady with him!

"I don't think I could manage very well to wed you, Will'um, thank you," she said, with a polite firmness which belied her inward trepidation. "I'm too old to change my ways now, and I'm wanted in this place. Deary me, I'd forgot all about you. I'm sure you've never been thinkin' of me all this long time."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Prescott had not, but he assumed an injured air, nevertheless.

"I have your promise, Mary," he said.

"Why, you never so much as wrote a line after the first year," said Mary.

"That wasn't altogether my fault, my dear," returned he. "I was travelling about, you know, and one thing or another. Well, I may as well make a clean breast of it—I was married for some years, Mary."

"Oh, and was you?" exclaimed Polly, with a good-natured laugh. "Well, then, I think you needn't go casting up promises at me. Have you any children?" she went on, with interest.

"No," rejoined William; "my wife was a good deal older than I," he went on. "We didn't so very well agree; but she's gone now, poor soul, and left me very well off, so I wound up my business and came home to look for the girl of my heart."

Mary gazed at him uncomfortably; he was so large, so bland, so sure of himself; she could not do with him at all, she said to herself.

"Where are you livin' now?" she asked, as much with the object of fencing off more intimate topics as of satisfying her curiosity.

"I am stopping at a hotel in Liverpool at present, but I'm thinking of taking a place out West Derby way; I've seen some very desirable villa residences—with greenhouses," he added, impressively. "You were always fond of flowers, Mary. You could direct the gardener."

"Bless me," said Polly, "'tis to be 'oped as I'd 'ave summat else to do."

"You'd have nothing to do," said Prescott, grandiloquently. "I can well afford to keep two maids and a man. When you are not driving in your own trap, you can be sitting in your own drawing-room."

"Sit wi' my hands before me!" exclaimed Mary. "That's the last thing I'd like, and so I tell you. I couldn't do wi' that at all. I doubt I couldn't do wi' you, Will'um Prescott."

"You gave me your word to marry me if I came back for you," insisted Will, "and I have come back, so you must keep your promise."

"I tell you I won't then," cried Polly. "It is pretty impudent of you to say such a thing. Why shouldn't I ha' got wed same as yourself? If you'd found me wi' a husband, you couldn't ha' claimed me, I suppose."

"No," rejoined he, firmly, "any more than you could have claimed me while my late poor wife was living. But being both free at the present time, the original contract stands. Now why do you suppose I've come out on a Saturday afternoon to see you, my dear?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mary, falteringly.

William's dictatorial manner and familiar acquaintance with big words were beginning to have an effect upon her. She felt in a vague way that he might be able to enforce this claim of his, in spite of her unwillingness.

"Why, because I bear the old customs in mind. Sunday's courting day. You and I will do a bit of courting as we used to in old times," said Prescott. "We'll not find it hard to go back to the past, I daresay."

"Nay, Will'um, I couldn't. Whatever'd the lads say! I'm sure they'd make fun o' me if I were to start carryin' on o' that mak'. They're very good lads themselves, and haven't started runnin' after wenches on their own account—I've always been again' it. It met just put the notion in their heads."

"The notion will come there some day of its own accord," said Prescott, "and, anyhow, you've been thinking about them long enough. It's time to think of yourself now. But I can take you out for a drive if that's all. I'll hire a trap, or, maybe, fetch you for a spin in a taxi."

"I wouldn't go into one o' they outlandish things for aught in the world," cried Mary, desperately. "Dear, I wish you'd kep' away altogether, since you kep' away so long. I'm sure I

don't want no sweethearts to come moiderin' here at my time o' life."

"Sweethearts!" exclaimed an astonished voice; and, as the startled couple turned round, a young girl entered the room.

The ruddy light which streamed in from the open door gilded hair as smooth as Mary's own, but of a warmer brown, and made a glowing rim round a soft cheek, dimpled and delicately rosy as hers had once been.

William Prescott beheld the reincarnation of the girl-sweetheart of twenty years ago, and his heart gave a sudden leap. Here was the lass whom he had courted in his dreams. Mary, yonder, of the ample figure and determined ways had, as he now perceived, much changed.

"And whatever are you cryin' for, Aunt Polly?" asked the girl. "Who is this gentleman? What is he coom for?"

"Eh, lass, I cannot choose but cry. Eh, I scarce know how to tell thee. Dear o' me, when I think o' partin' with thee as I took in my arms the very minute thou was born, I may say."

"Partin' wi' me?" gasped Maggie, turning very pale. "But I don't know the gentleman. Dear Auntie, you know, I allus said I'd never leave you."

Clasping the wooden arms of her chair, Mary Molyneux gazed fixedly at the girl, a sudden light coming into her blue eyes the while.

"Bide a bit, my dear," she said, faintly; "wait till thou's heard all as the gentleman's got to say." Turning quickly to Will Prescott, she saw the dawning light of understanding interest in his eyes, and continued hastily: "This is Mr. Will'um Prescott, as used to be a neighbour of ours in old days, when I were young. I knowed him well then, and I know as he's the kindest heart as ever beat in a mon's breast."

Mr. Prescott cleared his throat and looked keenly at Mary, a smile flickering somewhere in the meshes of his black beard; then he looked at Maggie, realising even more fully than before that she was certainly very handsome, handsomer than Mary had ever been, though amazingly like her.

"He's coom back from America," resumed the elder woman, "on the look-out for a wife. He's made his fortune out there, and he says his wife's to be a lady. Ah, just as you coom in he were talkin' to me about the house he's goin' to buy out West Derby way, wi' a green'ouse and all."

"A greenhouse," echoed Maggie, thoughtfully.

"And he's goin' to keep a horse and trap, and a man to mind 'em and do the garden-work, and two sarvent-wenches. I reckon his wife will do well for herself."

"You rattle it all off pat enough," remarked Will, in a reproachful tone, feeling, indeed, somewhat wounded at the cool manner in which his former sweetheart enumerated the advantages she was so ready to cast away. "It's to be hoped there's something more than those things to be thought about."

"Mr. Prescott's only forty-two," said Mary; "quite young for a mon—and you must own he's noan ill to look at."

Maggie glanced shyly at the suitor from beneath her long eyelashes, and William fidgeted on his chair.

"He's a very religious mon," went on Mary, "awful religious—'tis a great comfort to a woman to know that. And he's thinkin' of comin' here to-morrow in a taxicab and taking you for a spin, if you fancy it."

"Oh," cried Maggie, clasping her hands. Even in that remote village taxicabs were occasionally seen, coming from or returning to Liverpool, for the village in question was on the main road to more populous centres. She had often envied the occupants of these flying equipages, but had never dreamt that it might be her good fortune to find herself in so entrancing a vehicle.

William Prescott paused for a moment, and then apparently made up his mind.

"If your aunt will trust you with me, Miss Molyneux," he said, "I shall be delighted to take you for a drive, and I hope it may be the means of our becoming better acquainted."

"Well, I'd like the drive," admitted Maggie, with blunt North Country candour, "but I'm sure I don't know about anything else. It seems so sudden, doesn't it, Aunt? I can't think how ever Mr. Prescott came to think o' me."

Mr. Prescott gave a meaning glance at Mary, as who should say: "This situation is of your creation; you must see me through it."

Mary rose to the occasion.

"Mr. Prescott really came to see me, my dear, bein' an old friend and that, and we got a-talkin' and he telled me how he were lookin' for a wife, and I mentioned as I brought you all up—you see, knowin' me so well, he'd be sure to think any lass as was up-brought by me would be like to turn out well—and then the very minute you coom in the room, he lost his heart to ye—didn't ye, Will'um?"

"Will'um," with a bewildered air, admitted that he had.

"Well, then," said Mary, with a conclusive air and a look of deep satisfaction, "I really think as you couldn't do better nor consider him, my lass. There, run upstairs and clean thee a bit.

Milkin's ower, isn't it? Then thou can coom and have a talk wi' Mr. Prescott afore tea. Nothin' like a bit o' a quiet chat for gettin' to know folks."

Maggie, with a dubious smile, that held, nevertheless, an element of joyous excitement, vanished upstairs, and Mary, with a low chuckle, turned to her former wooer.

"Ye'll admit as it's the best way out o' it," she exclaimed, "and I'll tell you what, Will Prescott, if you can get our Maggie, you may think yoursel' in luck. The notion coom to me when I see'd your face when the lass were stood i' the door. Says you to yourself, 'She's bonnier nor Mary ever was'—didn't you now?"

While William was casting about in his mind for a suitable form of reply, she laughed again.

"I ketched you," she exclaimed, "and mighty fain I was to find you out—so there's no offence. You'll mak' a good husband to our Maggie, and the lass'll be pleased to get wed—she doesn't mich fancy the lads hereabouts."

Still smiling to herself, she extended her hand to the ruddy blaze. "I knowed well enough how mich all this talk o' never leaving home meant," she said. "I knowed when the reet mon coomed we'd hear no more o' that. I reckon you are the reet mon, Will—I can give you a good character. You'll mak' the lass 'appy enough, and 'tis a deal sensibler match nor if ye'd stuck to your first thoughts. What should an old maid like me want with a rich husband, and no work to do, and new ways to larn? Nay, nay, 'tis all for the best. 'Tis to be 'oped as our Maggie'll tak' to you."

Will gazed at the kindly, humorous face with a variety of feelings, but made no remark.

It was not until Maggie came in, in her Sunday dress and little frilled apron, her face all blushes and smiles, that his tardy answer came:

"It's to be hoped she will."

Then with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, he cried out: "You're the most sensible woman I ever came across."

"That's a compliment, I'm sure," said Mary, and, still laughing softly, she went out and closed the door.

STALKING FOR BOYS.

THIS is an amusement which may be termed ancillary to General Baden-Powell's scheme for teaching Boy Scouts. Many of them, no doubt, will find it more interesting; at any rate, those who are gifted with a taste for natural history will do so. Poor though this country is in wild mammals, it possesses a few that will test the skill, knowledge and patience of those who would like to see them in their natural haunts. Nearly every schoolboy has done a little stalking of the smaller creatures. He would be an exception to his kind who did not love to see a family of young weasels at play in the tender grass of early spring. It is possible to do so by accident; but whoever would accomplish it by design must learn to make his foot fall as soft as that of a cat after a mouse; he must check any tendency to produce noises, such as coughing or sneezing, to say nothing of the cries which a healthy boy seems disposed at all moments of excitement to utter. He must observe which way the wind blows, so that it comes from the animal to him and does not go from him to the animal; he must choose his steps so as to avoid the piece of rotting wood or twig that, snapping, will put the object of his search instantly to flight, and he must avail himself of such cover as is afforded by hedge or ditch, or any similar object. For approaching both birds and beasts the old-fashioned country boy knew the great advantage possessed by a dry ditch or brook. Up these a small boy could crawl unnoticed by the furred or feathered folk of the field. The little woodland people are even more difficult to get near than are those of the meadow, though the very noises of which the searcher has to beware will often betray the presence of his quarry. In spring and summer there are always dry leaves near the roots of the trees, and no wild creature can wander there without rustling them. The youthful naturalist who also has a taste for reading and will take his book into the depth of the wood may often see things which more skilled naturalists look for in vain. He need only listen and look out whenever he hears the soft rustling which even a tiny animal makes as it trots or plays under the shadow of the great trees. In this way the cunning rat and the stoat may often be seen in their unguarded moments. Often, too, the squirrel descends and searches for food upon the ground. When larger animals are sought for the principal demand is upon the patience. Very few boys, for

instance, have seen a badger emerge from his hole, because few, indeed, on a chill night in early spring would care to climb a tree and sit in its branches perhaps for hours until this shy nocturnal hunter emerges from his fortress and goes in search of a young rabbit or other prey. In the course of his vigil, however, the curious boy may see many other animals that come out of their hiding-places at night, such as rats and mice and rabbits, and where they are the fox is certain to be a visitor. Obviously to encourage the boy to study in this manner the haunts and habits of his native fauna is as good, perhaps even better, training than that which is afforded him as a Boy Scout. At any rate, it will take him into the open air, and fill his mind with healthy and active interests.

WALL-GARDENING AT THE KING'S SANATORIUM

ONE of the beautiful ranges of hills that run through the extreme north-western border of Sussex, stands the great building that, reared only three years ago, is already proving of inestimable benefit in the relief and cure of pulmonary disease. The whole of its circumstances tend to the fulfilment of its intention. It stands high, clear and free to sun and air, on the upper southern slope of the hill, which again rises sufficiently to the north and east to give complete shelter from the colder winds. These



THE GARDEN LEADING TO THE CHAPEL.

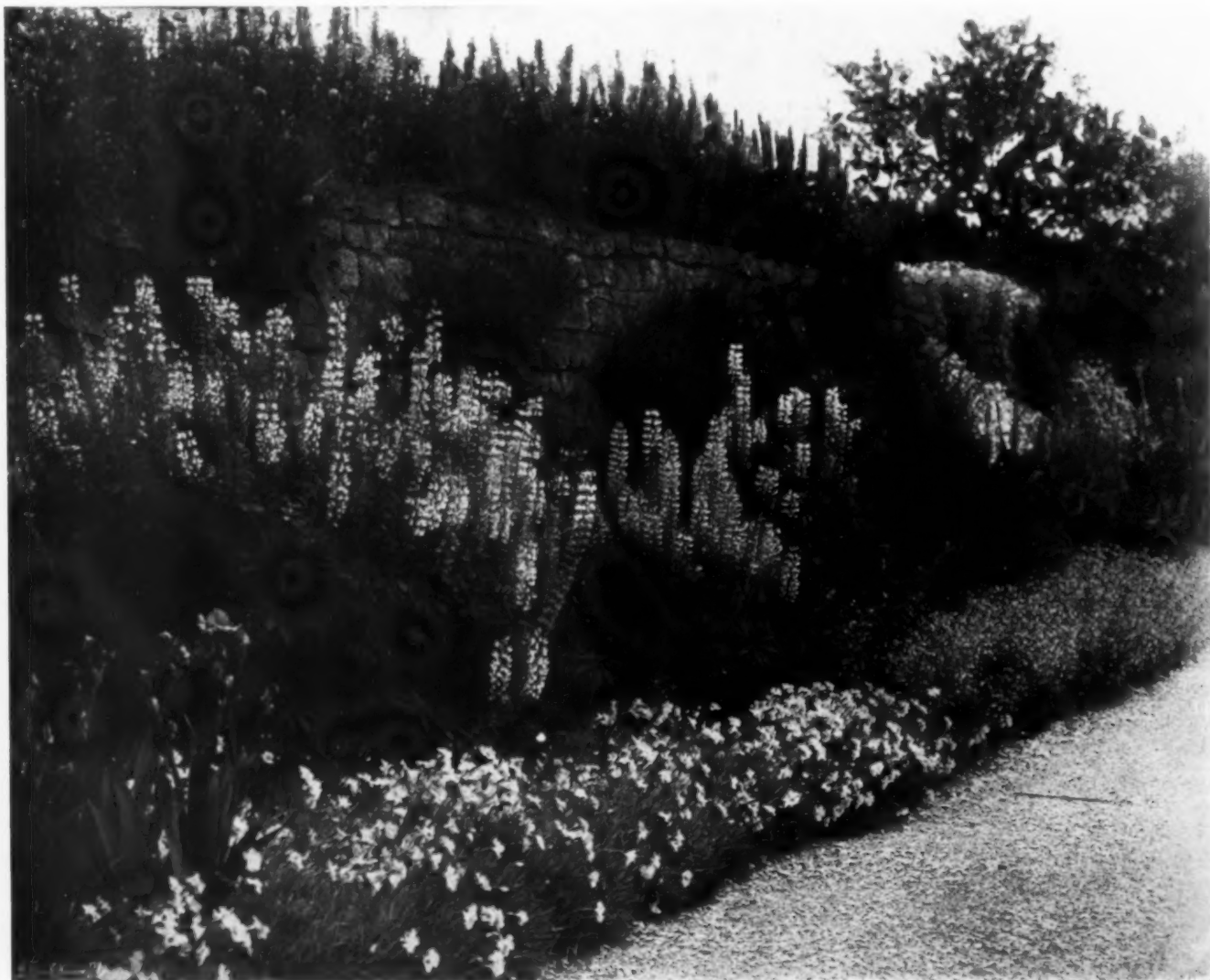


THE TEN-FOOT WALL FACING WEST.

protecting sides are also clothed with a thick growth of old Scotch pine, wholesome and fragrant, as well as of sheltering comfort.

The Sanatorium owes its existence to the King's personal intention to devote to such a purpose a portion of the large sums given to his hospital fund, and to his unceasing interest and many visits during the three years occupied by its construction. The soil is of the sandy nature that so largely prevails in this

corner of Sussex and the near adjoining parts of Surrey and Hampshire. Hundreds of tons of pure yellow sand came out of the excavations for the basement and foundations of the building. This mass of sand was deposited in such levels and terraces as would best dispose of its bulk, and also form well-proportioned spaces in relation to the building for lawn and other garden levels on the southern side. These spaces and levels and the best



A WALL-FOOT BORDER WITH LUPINES, IRISES AND PINKS.

main lines of the garden arrangement having been provided by Mr. Percy Adams, the architect, the garden work was taken over by Miss Jekyll. It was evident that the bright, sunny position would be favourable to an abundant and well-coloured bloom, in spite of the extreme poverty of the soil. It was also clear that here was the place for wall-gardening on a considerable scale; for the large amount of terracing—some 2,000 yds. in all—would require retaining walls, which could conveniently be made of a sandstone quarried on the site.

The soil being very poor, some preference was given to the sand and light-soil loving plants, such as cistus, rosemary, lavender, phlomis, santolina, stachys, etc. Several of these are plants of the Mediterranean region, though quite hardy in the South and West of England, and specially successful where there are such conditions as they enjoy here, of clear air and full sunlight, and a place that is within the beneficent climatic influence of the not far-distant sea. But even when soil is of the poorest, plants will thrive when it is fresh and has lately been deeply moved. Experiments and many a happy accident also show that nearly all plants and many small shrubs grow even more happily in a wall than on the level. The roots seem to delight in licking along the cool surfaces of the stone, and nearly all kinds of stones hold moisture like a sponge, and give it off slowly to the searching and exploring root-lets. The older moraines of the Alps, where masses of stones of all sizes, and small fragments such as can hardly be called soil, lie heaped against the feet of the mountains, support a luxuriant vegetation; indeed, some Alpine plants that had formerly baffled cultivation were found only to need such conditions for their success to be assured. Then a number of plants that are too tender for the open rock garden prove hardy in the wall, where their crowns are kept dry by the sheltering stones above and around. A notable example of this is the pretty *Campanula isophylla* of Southern Italy, that is commonly used as a greenhouse plant, and is often seen capitally grown in cottage windows. In a wall-joint, anywhere south of London, it is quite safe.

In the case of the Sanatorium walls, the planting was carefully considered for colour effect—masses of plants of related or harmonious colouring being kept near together. Thus for a warm group, red valerian and red snapdragons, with the deepest red form of *Sedum spurium*, would be in the wall-joints, and hardy fuchsia in the border next above. For a pleasant picture of grey and pink, with lilac, purple and white, the wall has *Nepeta Mussini*, dwarf lavender, purple campanulas, aubrietia, cerastium and hybrid rock pinks of many shades of pink and white, and on the top the fine geranium *ibericum platyphyllum*, and the ordinary lavender, with purple and white irises. Leading from this, through white, will come a planting in which pale yellow predominates. Here will be alyssum and yellow-flowered stonecrops, with the Sicilian yellow asphodel and the tall *Verbascum phlomoides*, a splendid wall plant; and yellow-flowered, long-spurred columbines and the fine white columbine of the older garden kind; and on the wall-top, phlomis and cistus, yellow and white; and further back *Forsythia suspensa* and Guelder rose. On a few of the returns that face a cooler exposure are the mossy



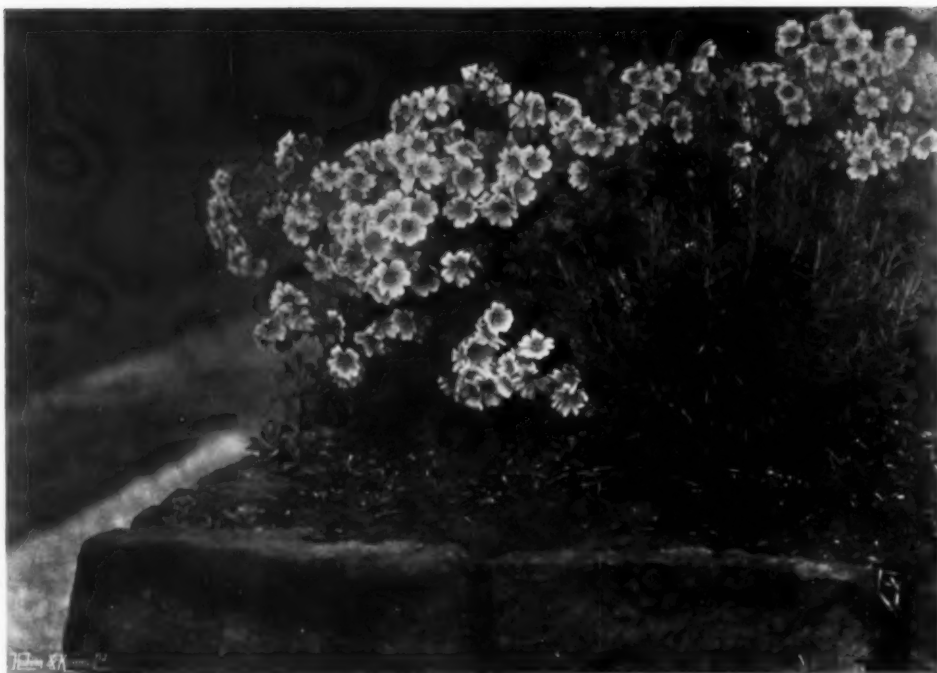
STEPS WITH YOUNG PLANTS OF THE TALL CHIMNEY CAMPANULA (*C. PYRAMIDALIS*), LAVENDER ON THE PIERS TO RIGHT AND LEFT.



CERASTIUM ON THE BUTTRESSED WALL.

saxifrages and London Pride, with *Arenaria montana* creeping up over the face of the stones, foxgloves, again columbines, and the tall chimney campanula, another plant that is usually kept for the greenhouse, but that is quite at home in the joints of the walls. Where steps occur, the joints to right and left are also planted. Steps are easily made by having the front edge only of stone and a wide tread of the earth or sand, where thymes and the smaller stonecrops will spread and also increase by the shedding of their seed.

No garden-work is more enjoyable than the building or planting of such walls and steps. With fair strength and a little ingenuity nothing is easier. It is better to lay the stones flat than in the way that builders call "random." They need not be in regular courses; but each stone should tip back a little, so that



THE FINEST OF THE CRANESBILLS (*GERANIUM IBERICUM PLATYPHYLLUM*).

is heavy rain. Builders often think that they can build a dry wall against a hard scarp of sand or chalk; but to do this is only to invite disaster.

The patients at the Sanatorium pass as much time as possible in the open air, employing themselves in such work or exercise as their strength allows. The garden affords pleasant work suited for all degrees of capacity, and is much benefited by the number of hands available; for light labour in plenty enables some of the lesser tasks to be done, such as the cutting

off of dead flowers that so greatly helps to prolong the season of bloom—tasks that in an ordinary garden have so often to be passed over when time presses and the fewer hands are full.

IN THE GARDEN.

CLOTHING ROSE ARCHES QUICKLY.

WHETHER it be an arch or a pillar, one is naturally anxious to hide the supports as quickly as possible. If expense is no consideration, the best plan is to plant a pot-grown Rose, with growths from 10ft. to 20ft. long, and one grown in the open ground, preferably on its own roots. The pot plant may be retained intact save for cutting away a foot or two from each shoot, but otherwise the growth is cut back to within 15in. or 18in. of the ground. We thus soon have a thick base and a good top growth. This happy effect is more successfully obtained with the varieties of *R. wichuraiana*, but the Rambler tribe



PHLOMIS, FOXGLOVE AND STONECROPS ON THE DRY WALL.

every drop of rain that falls on the face runs back into the joint. The whole wall-face lies back a little, in the proportion of 1ft. in 7ft.; this proportion will be found to give a good tilt backward to the top of the stones. Each stone is laid upon a bed of earth that forms the joint. There is one point in dry-walling that is of the utmost importance, namely, that the earth immediately between and behind the backs of the stones should be rammed as firmly as possible. Whatever the nature of the ground may be at the back, enough must be taken out to allow of this ramming. If this is neglected or not thoroughly done, the wall is sure to come down when there



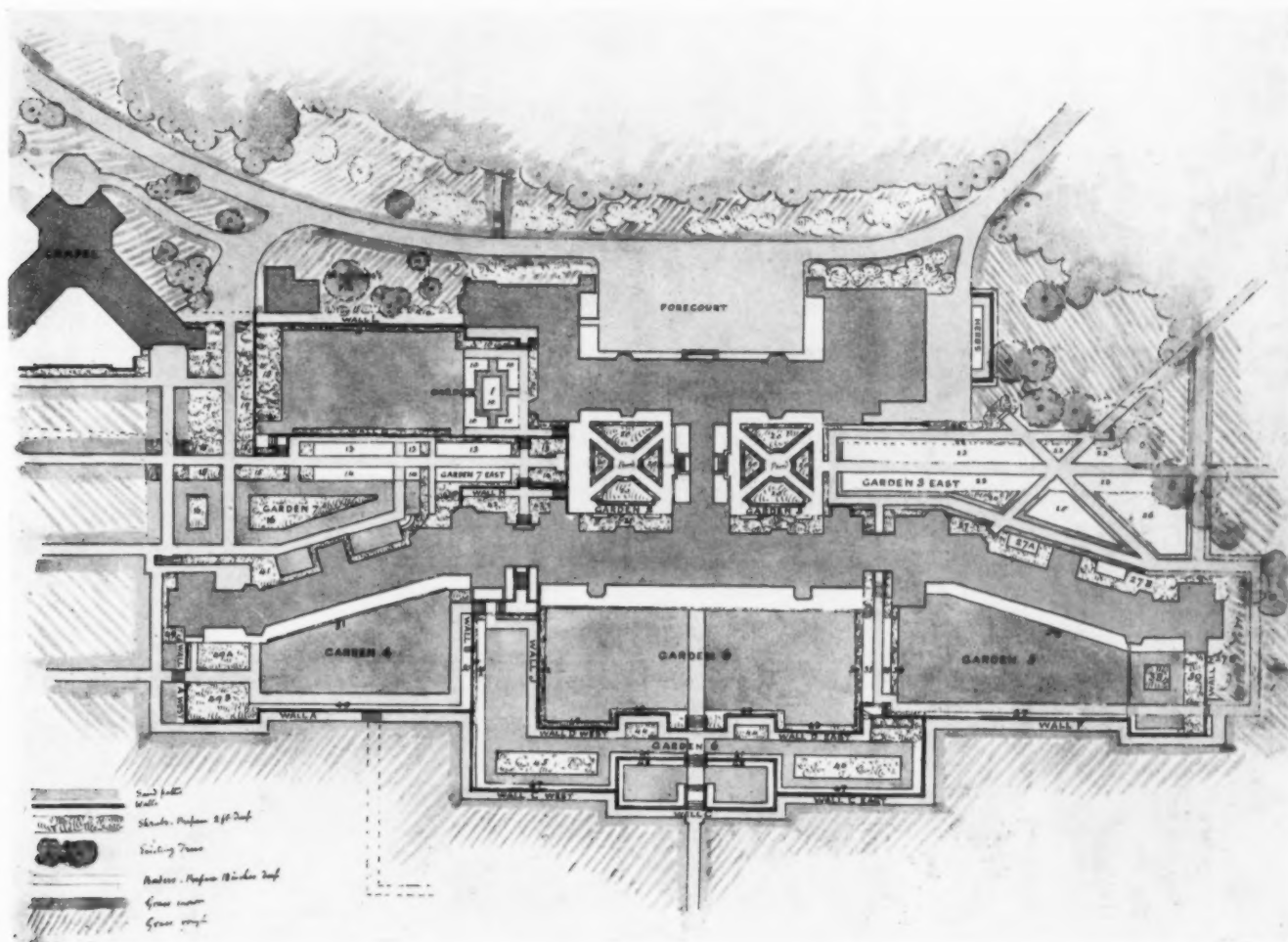
ROCK PINKS IN THE DRY WALL.

answer very well to the same treatment. Unless one can obtain hard, well-ripened pot plants that have been outside for some weeks, it is better to defer planting these until spring. Those that are forced for their bloom may even be planted out on arches after the flowering is over; provided they are strong and healthy, they grow enormously in one year. In order to have a dense mass of bloom on our arches, we must remember to cut in the lateral growths very hard, even to two or three eyes. The trails of bloom are much more beautiful for so doing, and this is better than a tangled mass of growth. When it is a question of expense one may dispense with the plants grown in pots, for if good healthy plants are obtained from the open they will grow very quickly, and it only means waiting two years before the arches are clothed. This season growth has been enormous. I have just tied up plants of Dorothy Perkins and Hiawatha that were put in as cuttings in the autumn of 1907, and transplanted this last April into excellent soil, very stiff clay, but well trenched. They have attained a height of nearly 12ft., several shoots being between 10ft. and 12ft. long. The plants were not pruned at all, and they flowered well in July. I mention this to show that arches may be quickly covered even without the aid of pot plants; but one does not obtain the first year so much bloom on the upper parts of the arch or pergola as when the latter are used.

THE TREE POPPY.

It is surprising that one so seldom meets with the Tree Poppy (*Romneya Coulteri*) in the warmer counties of the British Isles, as in such localities

and those mentioned in this note may be relied upon to give good results under these conditions. Foremost must come the many beautiful hardy Brooms which are now obtainable, as there are a large number to select from, the colours embracing pale sulphur, clear golden yellow, a mixture of bright yellow and rosy brown, purple as well as white. The growth of the plant also varies, those such as *Cytisus kewensis* being suitable for the rock garden, and others, such as *C. præcox*, attaining a height of several feet. A near relative is the Spanish Broom (*Spartium junceum*), which is also well worth growing for its golden flowers and Rush-like stems. Then there is the double-flowered Gorse, a counterpart of the wild Gorse with the exception that the flowers are double. All the above should be purchased in pots for planting, as they do not transplant well in the usual way. Where dwarf shrubs are required, nothing is better for the sandy garden than the Rock Rose (*Helianthemum vulgare*), the typical plant of which grows only a few inches high and has yellow flowers. There are, however, many beautiful forms of it with buff, crimson, pink and other coloured flowers, and even double-flowered plants can be obtained. Closely related to the Rock Rose, but forming, in some instances, large shrubs, are the Cistuses, one of the prettiest being the form of Gum Cistus known as *Cistus ladaniferus monspeliensis*, the flowers of which are white, with dark, brownish red spots at the bases of the petals. The *Elaeagnus* is another family that may be planted in sandy soil. The best is *E. pungens* from China and Japan; it is evergreen, and grows 10ft. or rather more high. There are several varieties



KING EDWARD VII'S SANATORIUM: GENERAL GARDEN PLAN.

it usually thrives well and forms a beautiful bush. It is really a very soft-wooded shrub from California, with charming grey-green leaves and white, crimped petalled, Poppy-like flowers, each of which has a golden yellow central disc. It delights in rich, thoroughly drained and deeply trenched soil, and in cold districts will be cut to the ground-level each winter. The root, however, can be saved by placing some Bracken or other litter over it, especially if a warm position in the garden is given to the plant, and strong flowering shoots are thrown up from the base each spring. In the warmer counties, both of West Scotland and England, the shoots may be preserved during the winter if given the protection of a mat or two during frost, and in these localities this Tree Poppy will develop into a handsome bush some 10ft. to 12ft. high and several feet in diameter. Although not quite hardy, this plant fully deserves to be grown in every garden, and it will repay with its beautiful blooms any greater trouble that needs to be taken in its culture. In addition to *R. Coulteri*, there is now another form grown in our gardens and known as *R. tricalyx*; it does not, however, differ much from the older plant.

SHRUBS FOR POOR, SANDY SOIL.

Unfortunately, the soil in many gardens is chiefly sand, with the result that some of the choicest shrubs will not thrive in it unless the expensive method of digging out the beds or borders several feet deep and replacing the natural soil with that of a more clayey texture is resorted to. Fortunately, however, there are a number of shrubs which will thrive in sandy soil,

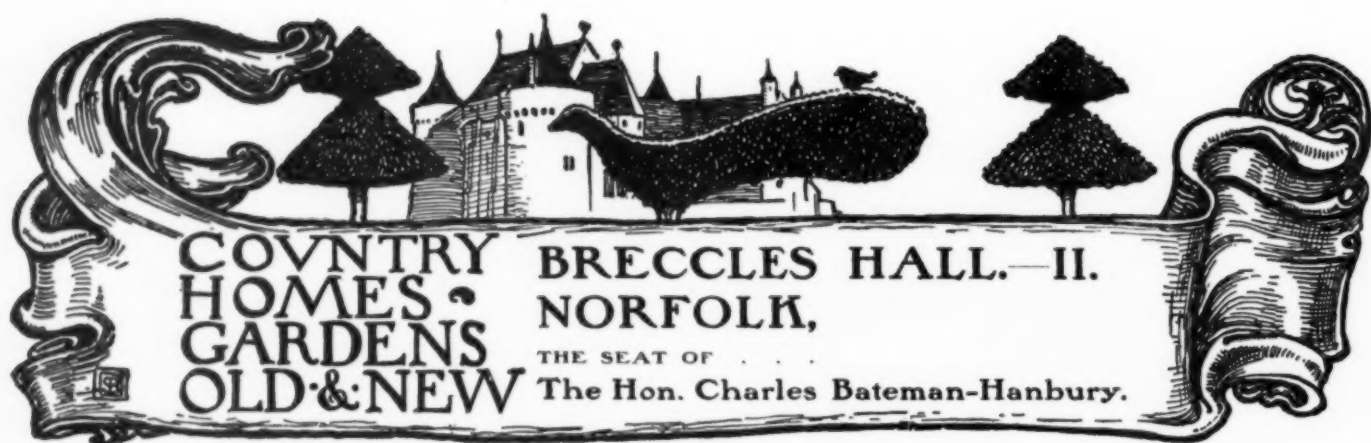
with variegated foliage, any of which make good shrubs for lawns. The golden-leaved Privet, which is really a handsome shrub, will have its golden hue intensified if planted in sandy soil, but the growth will not be so vigorous as in a soil of a richer character. The above list is by no means exhaustive, but will, perhaps, serve as a guide for those who have to plant and grow shrubs in soil of the character indicated. One is frequently asked the question, "What will grow in a poor, sandy soil?" and it is to be hoped that the information given will be helpful, as this is a soil difficult to deal with.

H.

A SHRUB FOR A FENCE.

Schizandra chinensis is an interesting plant of trailing growth allied to the Magnolias, and suitable for planting against a low fence or rough post. For a long time it was the only representative of the genus in cultivation in English gardens; but within the last ten years one or two more species have been introduced from China, the well-known collector, Mr. E. H. Wilson, having secured seeds for Messrs. Veitch and Sons. *S. chinensis* grows to a height of 8ft. or 10ft., and bears axillary inflorescences of small white flowers in May. After the flowers are over, long pulpy fruits are produced which, towards the end of July, are bright red in colour. The plant is more effective during the latter than the former stage, and it is worth growing for its fruit alone. One of the newer species is *S. Henryi*. Its distinctive marks are very apparent, even when not in flower, for the branches are winged and curiously angled.

D.



LAST week, we left Breccles at a moment when it was changing its lord. Gardiner Hewyt, who had inherited it from his mother in 1678, sold it nine years later to a local man whose family tree describes him as "Wormsley Hethersett, Alderman of Thetford, lord of Great and Little Breccles." As he lived till 1709, and as his action in purchasing manors in the vicinity of the prosperous town of which he was an Alderman augurs wealth, we may attribute to him the considerable alterations which were made at the former home of the Woodhouses in the style which obtained under Queen Anne. Several of the sash windows which were then inserted in the south wing yet remain with their adequate sash barring. This wing contains the principal staircase, of which neither the solid block treads nor the mullioned windows were changed. On each side of it lay a parlour. It was to these that the sashes were given, except that the drawing-room retained the mullioned bay at its east end. The sash windows were no doubt inserted partly for their own merit—any other form was heartily despised by Celia Fiennes, who visited and described so many houses at this time—and partly to produce full harmony with the wainscoting and other features of the day with which these principal rooms were refitted. As we read that the Alderman's daughter, Mary, "had G^d Breccles of her father's gift," and not by inheritance, it may be to her and her husband, John Baylis,

that we owe these changes. He was "of London," and may have insisted upon some fashionable new rooms in the unfashionable old house. In that case the work dates earlier than the reign of Anne, for he died while William III. was King, while his wife lived on into George II.'s reign and outlived her son, Robert Baylis. He trod in his father's footsteps, and was also of London and a Common Councillor of Bread Street Ward. Again Breccles was to fall to an heiress, for he had a daughter as an only child, who, on her grandmother's death in 1743, must have come into possession of her estate. She carried it to her husband, Philip Taylor, cousin to the men who for three generations were oculists to our Hanoverian Kings, but were descended, as he also was, from a Norwich surgeon. Philip Taylor can receive no meed of praise from the historian of the chequered career of Breccles Hall, for his period of occupancy was one of decay and destruction. Long after his death his only surviving child, Mrs. Jones, was asked for her recollections of the history of the place. In her answer she always alludes to it as "the poor old Hall," and speaks of the "large porch to the West, where I have often run about, for that was our nursery, but taken down at my Mother's decease by my Father as late as 1807." This is the porch so lately re-erected on the original foundation. The entrance had been moved to the north side of the house, and gave through a Strawberry Hill Gothic doorway into



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BRECCLES HALL: FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

BRECCLES HALL: SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

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Copyright. *THE GREEN COURT AND THE WEST ELEVATION OF THE NEW OFFICE WING.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

what is now the dining-room, whereas what originally was and now again is the hall must have been the nursery alluded to. Mrs. Jones's antiquarian and architectural views are amazing. Our breath is taken away by her preliminary announcement. "Breckles Hall, as far as we know, was built about the year 480, from a date which was in the wall on that side which fell down. At that time the Saxons conquered Britain after the Romans left in 473." This pouncing upon

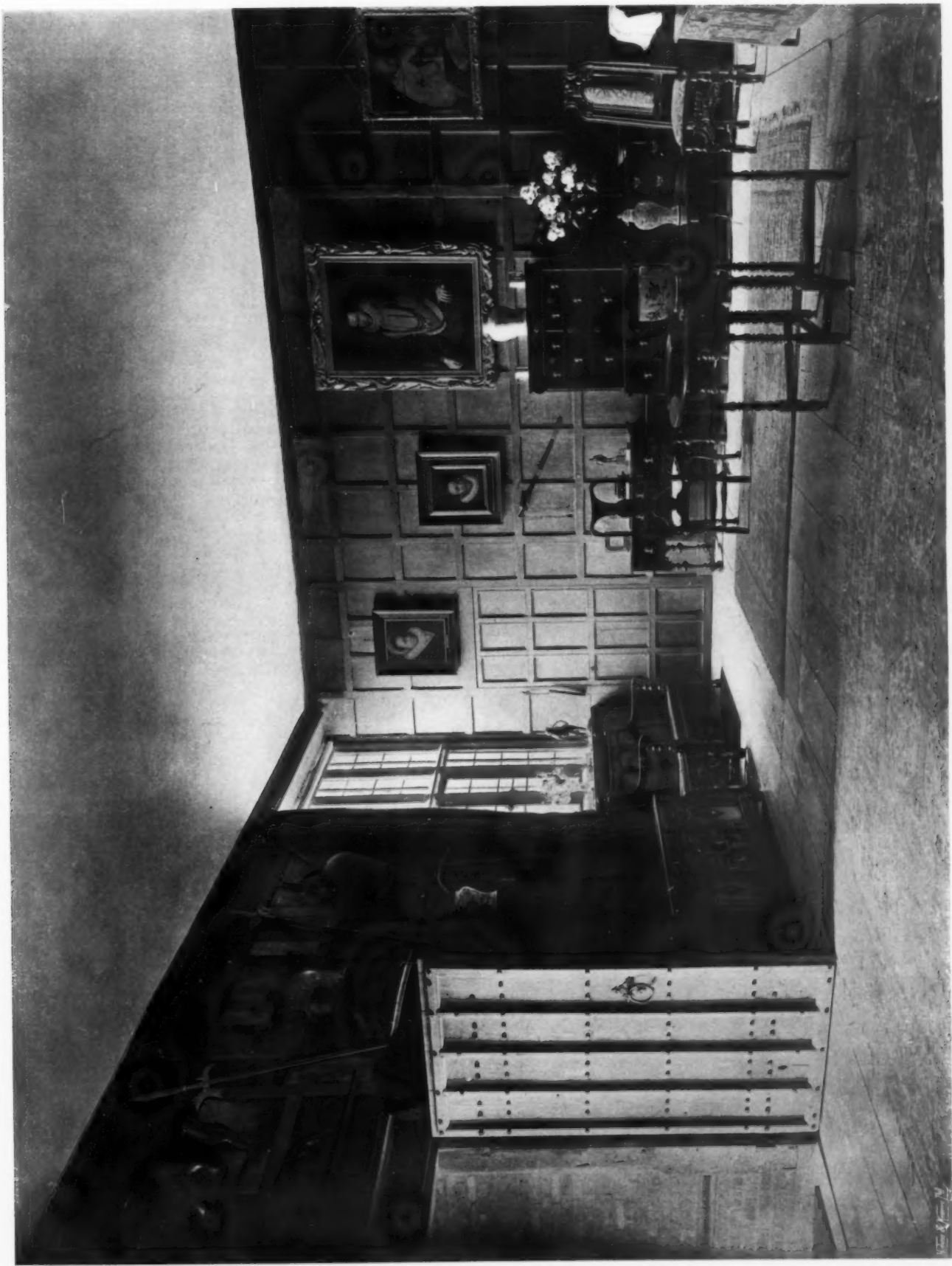
Breckles on which to build a brick house by the invader so immediately after his landing is an important point in our annals which historians have so far overlooked! And did Tennyson, who came from neighbouring Lincolnshire, know of this fact, "In my Kitchen formerly there was a large round table used in those days by the Knights of the round table"? Who can, after this, apply the word "legend" to the story of Arthur? and what are we to say of the man who in 1807 removed the porch



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DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

ENTRANCE HALL.

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through which the King stalked to get to his table? But Arthur was not the only British Sovereign whom the Breccles of Mrs. Jones's imagination has sheltered. Elizabeth, we hear, was paying a visit there "at the time of the Spanish Armada, the guest, it would seem, of Judge Gardiner, who was renowned as a Warrior." At the time of the Spanish Armada, Breccles was the home of Eleanor Woodhouse the recusant, and her suspected guests, the Jesuit fathers and agents of Spain,

"taken to evil habits," and were they the cause of the desperate step which he took the year after his mother died in 1807? These points of detail are not preserved, but only the main circumstance that in an upstairs room, on the floor of which the blood mark remains, he blew his brains out in 1808. Next year the father died, and though an aunt, described as "a mighty stately old lady," lived on at the Hall till she ended her nonagenarian life in 1832, the estate had been sold by Maria Taylor

(Mrs. Jones) to Mr. Matthias Kerrison. Two years ago, when treating of Oakley Park, which lies in Suffolk twenty miles south of Breccles, we mentioned the little that there is to say of the retired but prosperous life of the poor parson's son who built up an enormous fortune by "trade and good management" in Bungay town and invested it in the great estates of the Cornwallises and Maynards. To these broad Suffolk acres the lands of Breccles were added, and of all of them his son, Sir Edward Kerrison of Peninsular and Waterloo fame, became lord. They have descended to his only surviving daughter, the Dowager Lady Bateman, and Breccles has become the property of her younger son, Mr. Charles Bateman-Hanbury.

Mr. Matthias Kerrison bought Breccles as an investment. It was not a time when a modest sixteenth century house fallen to decay made any appeal. It was used as a farmhouse, and just enough repairs were done to keep the main fabric standing. That was its condition when Mr. Hanbury came into possession and determined to give back to it its original status. A double problem presented itself. On the one hand, there was a desire to preserve undiminished, and with as little renewal as possible, every part and parcel of the buildings which told anything of the life and times of the Woodhouses and their successors in ownership. On the other hand, a convenient, workable and agreeable house was required, such as may consort with the elaborated habits and intelligent ideas of to-day. To obtain this result, Mr. Hanbury called to his assistance the professional aid of Mr. Detmar Blow. That they have fully reached their object, and perfectly reconciled whatever divergent elements might be thought to exist therein, will be seen by a study of the illustrations given last week and this. As regards the exterior, there has been no renewal of anything that was not ruinous; no imitative or conjectural replacing of decayed details not important to the structure; no unnecessary removal of features added to the original building at a later time and in a different manner.

The house is not a sheet of paper scrawled over by the self-laudatory comments of an ignorant modern architect, as are so many "completely restored" fabrics. It is a closely-written historical manuscript, and anyone with an eye at all practised in these matters can walk round the house and easily read, in general terms, its architectural past. He can also enjoy all those pleasant effects of form, texture and colour which time alone can give. And he has the satisfaction of seeing all this in full repair and in an adequate setting. The trimness and

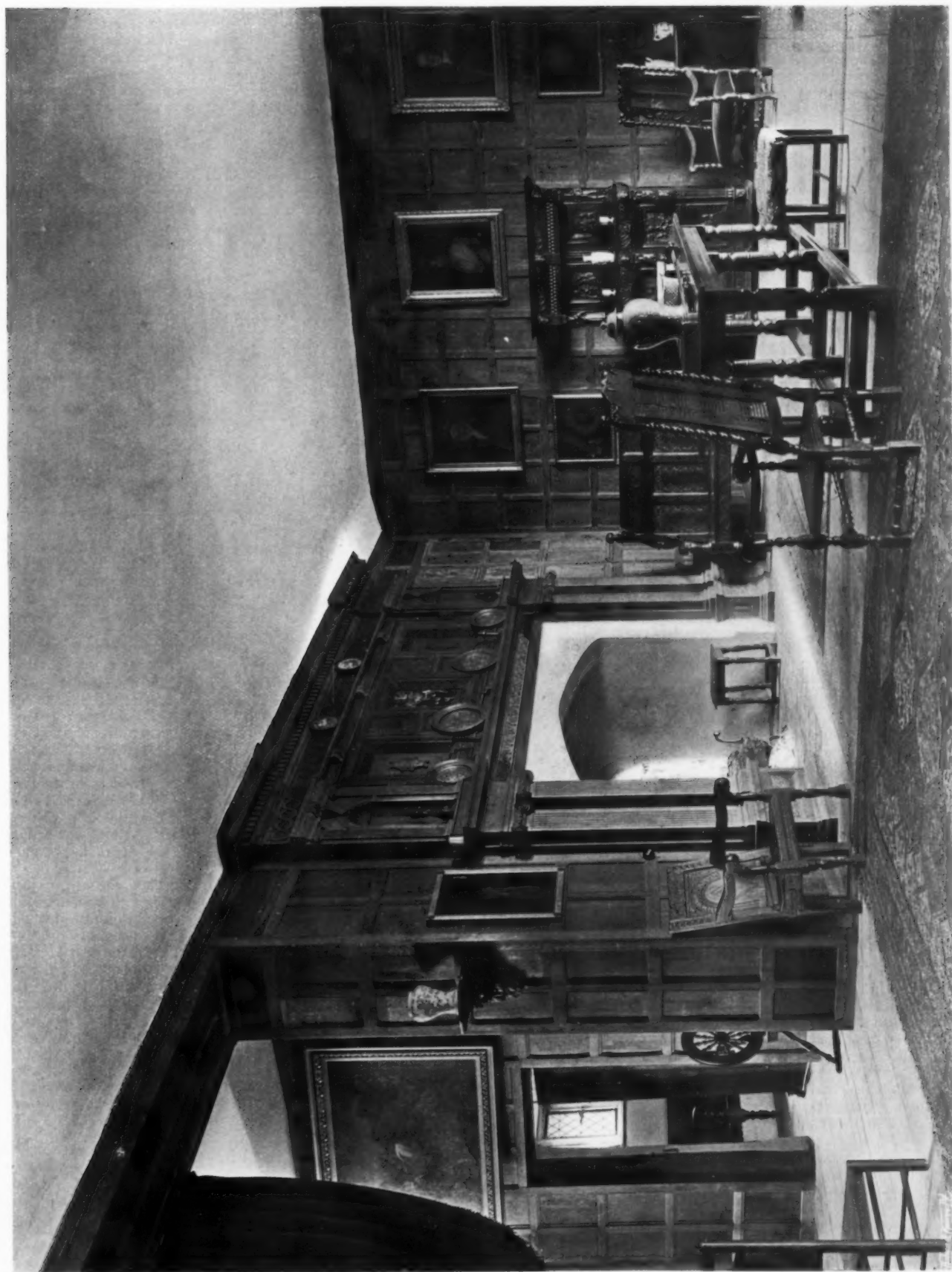


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TO THE LITTLE LIBRARY OR PRIESTS' ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

would have formed queer company for the Protestant Queen, whom, by every means, fair or foul, they were seeking to exterminate. One can only conclude that poor Mrs. Jones's mind was rather unhinged by the misfortunes which came to her family about the time of the destruction of the porch. They were very impecunious, and the felling of timber—"miles and miles o' woods," as local tradition described it—went hand in hand with the decay of the house. Was any of this due, as Canon Jessop suggests, to the only son of the house having



"COUNTRY LIFE."

HALL AND CHAPEL ENTRANCE.

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sufficiency of the roadway and grass plats of the forecourt give presence to its old walls and archways and to the shapely form of the west front. But the haphazard setting of the picturesque apple trees, that look as if they had chosen each one his own spot on the level grass, gives a touch of homely informality to the lay-out which exactly suits the worn and battered look of this aged house of chequered fortunes. To the south and east a garden on broad and simple lines has been contrived. Ample pathways, restful expanses of turf, the incident of a sundial, a background of trees, beds of large size and quiet form planted in a loose and generous manner with homely and attractive plants—these are the well-selected and rightly-ordered elements of the setting amid which rises the engaging group of gables and roof-lines, chimney-stacks and mullioned windows, which make so striking an old-world picture for anyone standing in the south-east corner of the garden. But away to the north there is something more, something quite clearly added, essentially new, yet in no way overpowering or competing with the old house. This is the office wing, containing every desirable adjunct of modern domesticity, which Mr. Blow has erected *de novo* in such a manner that it joins on as the modest and sympathetic associate of the old house of the Woodhouses. To the east it carries on, at a humbler level, the long row of gables. To the west it is well set back from the main forecourt elevation, and is given an enclosed court of its own, with high walls and gateways in the manner of those of the forecourt. Beyond, again, lie outhouses and stables and farm-steadings and the plainer, lower walls of the kitchen garden with their very simple yet apt tile copings. Practical planning and harmonious building are the two notes that at every corner and from every point ring out their sympathetic melody. Nor is there any jar, any change of impression, when we step inside through the reconstructed porch. True, the disposition is no longer quite what it was when Francis Woodhouse harboured his Romish friends. But we can still recognise it as his home and see much that he, and his father before him, planned and executed. No doubt, originally, the hall lay on the right only of the porch and was entered behind screens. But all that arrangement had long ago been swept away, and when the porch was once more made the entrance, a hall occupying the whole central portion of the west elevation was contrived, and was lined with old wainscoting and fitted and furnished in a manner that fully suits the environment. The arms and portions of armour that hang on the walls have long been in the house, and are probably Woodhouse accoutrements, for this is a house whose successive owners seem to have left portions of their movables behind them. Notable among these are the interesting and rather mysterious tapestries in the drawing-room, one of which shows in the illustration of this apartment. This is the south-east room, which we conclude was renovated in the

early days of the Hethersett occupation, and the tapestries were perhaps a possession of the Alderman. But their origin and date puzzle experts. At the sides rise columns in a manner common to the Raphael cartoons and to many much later designs. But the Breccles tapestries, though extremely delightful, show no learnedness or training on the part of their designer, for these great columns, of which the ponderous capitals carry the ends of massive scrolls that stretch across the top, themselves rest on the head of a little man. Enormous leaves, so angularly scrolled as to give a somewhat Gothic appearance, occupy most of the groundwork, and among them beasts and birds disport themselves. In the one pictured a griffin is attacking a stag, to the evident interest of the on-looking birds. The colouring, which reveals blacks, greys, blues and greens with a faint all-over sense of purple brown, is exceptional and pleasing. They are a very original and valuable possession, though they did not so strike the farmer-folk who dwelt with them during most of the nineteenth century. The drawing-room was then used as a kitchen, and on nails, driven through the tapestries, hung the saucepans. In front of the piece illustrated stood the family mangle, and the turning of its handle near the wall had frayed a hole right through the fabric, though careful mending has made close observation necessary to detect the spot. These tapestries may be of seventeenth century and of provincial make, but the lingering Gothic feeling which they undoubtedly betray inclines one to connect them, as well as the armour, with the sixteenth century Woodhouses. A rough attic door of ledger type should be noticed in this connection. On it, indicated

in black and with masterly handling of the brush, may be seen foliage scrolls and the sketch of a man and a bird not entirely unlike the tapestry design, but of a truer Renaissance style, such as might have been drawn by the Italians who came to England in Henry VIII's time. John Woodhouse, no doubt, had such hangings to clothe some of his walls. Though he built externally of brick, the interior portions are of oak framing filled in with plaster. Whether much wainscoting was ever introduced to cover this is a matter of doubt. None, certainly, was retained in the main portion of the house, and the Woodhouses most probably had much of the oak framing showing as it does now on the stairs and corridors. The main stairway has got out of the Gothic newel stage and is 5 ft. wide. But it copies mediaevalism in so far that the treads are solid oak blocks, and that it has closed-in sides. The lesser stairs were of the newel type, but the one illustrated is not constructed in the Gothic manner of superposed blocks of which the inner ends formed the newel, but is of thick planks fixed on to a central column. Before Francis Woodhouse added the east building, a newel stairs, no doubt on the block system, stuck out at the back of the hall, probably in its own



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ONE OF THE NEWEL STAIRWAYS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

turret, as the foundations of its circle were revealed during the recent works. Now, part of the east wall of the hall is removed, and a section of the east building has been thrown into it, giving light to the central portion. To the right is the present chapel, to the left a flight of stairs leads to a set of rooms little altered since the days of the "secret places about the gallerie," when it was reported that "great company often resort thither verrie late in the night, and great provision there made for them 2 or 3 dayes together, and depart away in the night." It may have been with the object of housing his wife's numerous fellow-religionists that Francis Woodhouse contrived so many floors of little rooms in his comparatively small and low addition. Of these, apart from the dated room described and illustrated last week, the most interesting is the library, to which the flight of steps out of the hall directly leads. It retains its old panelling, but new bookshelves of plain oak and a very simple but effective oak mantel-piece have been added. It is here that the sliding panel reveals the squint into the present dining-room, and in the latter apartment hangs the portrait of Francis Woodhouse at the age of twenty-eight. This was long before he took to wife Eleanor the Recusant. But the sad expression of the long, thin, pale face seems to tell of some premonition of the anxious times, the harassing cares, the ruinous fines, the final loss of the inherited estate to be endured by this man whose conscience bade him be true to the thorny path of the old faith rather than follow the easy road of official religion. Nowhere can a more prompting environment for the study and appreciation of the domestic history of our forefathers of Elizabeth's day be found than at the goodly manor place to which Mr. Hanbury has given back the true attributes of ancient inhabitation with so much informed discretion and truthful purpose.



EAST CORRIDOR AND LANDING OF THE MAIN STAIRWAY.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

ARCTIC WEATHER CONDITIONS IN THE NORTH.

THE last week of October was marked by almost unprecedented weather conditions in the Highlands. After a period of extremely

stormy weather, with gales almost

daily from the west, the wind on the morning of the 24th went round to the north, and a heavy fall of snow took place on the uplands. Throughout the whole week and up to November 1st snow fell in lesser or greater quantities, the heaviest fall being on the morning of the 29th, when 8in. fell in the course of a few hours! Snow in October is by no means an unusual occurrence, but in this instance the accompanying frost was exceptionally severe, as many as 20deg. being registered, and the lochs and ponds being frozen from bank to bank; so that in many districts curling was being engaged in when the frost gave way. We were on the Cairngorm Mountains for a couple of days during the cold spell, and it was hard to realise that it was October



PART OF GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF BRECCLES HALL.

and not January or February, so severe were the weather conditions. The deer were driven down from the tops by the cold, and we had an exceptionally fine view of a large herd, consisting of some dozen stags and a hundred or more hinds, feeding on a hillside barely sprinkled with snow. The stags were roaring continuously, and constant skirmishes occurred between them, a young stag venturing too near a lordly royal being promptly repelled with no uncertain measures. We noticed a great many stags, principally young beasts, without a following of any hinds, and they seemed to feel their isolation compared with the stags which were feeding proudly with perhaps twenty hinds browsing near.

POWERS OF FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE.

Near Loch Etchachan we had another instance of the golden eagle's extraordinary powers of flight. An individual came sweeping up the corrie, and, having satisfied himself that there was no prey in the vicinity, soared in spirals to a height of several thousand feet in the course of a little more than a minute. A northerly wind was blowing against him, and he seemed to lean on the wind during his ascent, the wings never being moved. Having reached a great altitude, he appeared to shoot against the wind at a tremendous speed with wings bent back so as to seem almost closed, and soon disappeared over a ridge of Ben Muich Dhui. On the shores of Loch Etchachan—which, lying in a corrie of Ben Muich Dhui at a height of over 3,000ft., is the highest loch of any size in Britain—the grasses were found to be coated with ice several inches thick, as a result of the gale from the west accompanied by severe frost which had prevailed during the first day of the storm. The wind blew the spray from the water on to the banks, and the frost was so intense that it froze

almost immediately, giving all vegetation near the loch a very curious and picturesque appearance.

INCIDENTS OF THE FROST.

When we were at the Pools of Dee, on the watershed of the Larig Pass between the valleys of the Spey and Dee, the frost was so intense that the mist was actually being frozen and precipitated in the form of fog crystals, small rodlike particles of ice of extraordinary beauty which floated in the wind, and were considerably lighter than either snow or hail. Although the temperature was at the time many degrees below freezing point, the Pools of Dee were comparatively warm, and at least 20deg. higher than the surrounding atmosphere! Another curious phenomenon we observed during our expedition was the occurrence of numerous small whirlwinds on the hillsides. The snow would be caught up in the eddies and swirled round for several minutes on end, the whirlwind gradually crossing the hillside, to be succeeded in a few minutes by another, although the weather at the particular time was sunny and quite settled.

LOCAL DISTRIBUTION OF PTARMIGAN.

The ptarmigan's ways are as yet little understood, and it is, perhaps, on that account that it has such a fascination for the ornithologist. There is one spot with which I am familiar where one can count on flushing perhaps 100 ptarmigan any time that one cares to visit it, and yet 600yds. or 700yds. lower down on the same pass one never by any chance sees a single bird. The ground and feeding appear to be precisely the same; but the explanation is that the ptarmigan very rarely descends below the 2,500ft. line, even

during the most severe weather, and the summit of the pass where they are found in such numbers is just over that height. It seems as though there is some invisible line below which the ptarmigan never pass, though why this should be so has never, I imagine, been explained with any satisfaction.

THEIR PROTECTIVE COLOURING.

The ptarmigan's change of colour is a remarkable provision of Nature, and is the more wonderful the more it is investigated. In summer the birds harmonise in a truly remarkable way with their surroundings, and it is during October that the change to their spotlessly white winter plumage begins. It so happens that when the ptarmigan are midway, as it were, between their summer and their winter plumage the mountain-sides, as often as not, are covered with snow, through which the tops of the vegetation appear, giving the hillside a speckled appearance, and it is with this that the ptarmigan harmonise completely during the transitional stage of their plumage. The only time when the ptarmigan are out of harmony with their surroundings is when the hills are free of snow (as is sometimes the case) in early December, when the snow-white ptarmigan offer an easy mark for their fierce and remorseless enemy, the golden eagle.

THE GALLOWES TREE AT BRAEMAR.

A few miles west of the Highland village of Braemar, and almost at the entrance to Mar Lodge, is an ancient pine tree which has a history of exceptional interest—an interest dating back to the times when the clan spirit was all-powerful in the Highlands, and when human life was held far more cheaply than in the present day. It was in the lifetime of Donald Farquharson, son of Fionnlath Mhor Mac Fhearchair, that there took place the hanging of Lamond of Inverey at the Gallows Tree. Donald of Castleton, as he was called, must have lived and died between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as his father Fionnlath fell at the battle of Pinkie, 1547. As a result of a raid on Deeside, Lord Huntly, desiring to punish the freebooters, called on the Farquharsons and Gordons of Abergeldie to apprehend and punish those responsible, and either rightly or wrongly Lamond of Inverey was convicted—on the evidence of sheep found at his stronghold by the Ey. It is stated, however,

by some that the sheep were placed there to inculcate him, but "so open was his guilt that no proof was needed, and he was therefore led to a stout pine on a little knoll, a short distance west of Mar Lodge Bridge and hanged on one of its branches." The following account is quoted from the well-known "Legends of the Braes o' Mar," by one Grant, who lived at Micras, opposite Abergeldie. The book was published in Aberdeen in 1861, and, although often unreliable, the story of the gallows tree as given in it is in all probability correct. "His mother, a widow, followed the party that marched him off, praying them to save her only son; but seeing that her tears availed nothing and considering the Clan Fionnlath responsible for his death, she predicted the downfall of the clan in a Gaelic rhyme, one verse of which I have translated by a poem:

'This tree will flourish high and broad
Green as it grows to-day,
When from the banks of Bonnie Dee
Clan Fionnlath's all away.'

And this prophesy is regarded as now accomplished. Anyone will show you the dark doom's pine; but where are the Monaltries flowers of chivalry, the Inverveys indomitable in war; the Auchendrynes stout and true, the Balmoral's glorious as fleeting, the Ailanquoichs ever worthy, and the Tullochneys, heroes to the last? All and every one of them are gone. Invercauld became extinct in the male line, and this, it is held, sufficiently fulfils the prophesy. Finzean—as not at all concerned in the transaction—may be fairly held not to come within the scope of the malediction."

I am greatly indebted to Miss Farquharson of Invercauld for the details of this legendary incident, which brings vividly before us the great superstitions of the ancient Highlanders and their almost universal belief in the supernatural, a belief to which it seems that the present-day generation is tending to return.

SETON GORDON.

THE ANGLER IN CANADA.

ADVISE those who, not without cause, grumble at the increasing difficulty of finding, within the limits of a modest income, good salmon or trout fishing at home, to try Canada for their month's holiday, and they meet the suggestion with one of two objections. Either fish in the rivers and lakes of the Dominion are too easily caught to provide sport for any but a duffer, or else too much time and money go in the voyage there and back. The first of these criticisms, if intended seriously, defies argument. "The more the fish the worse the catch" may, as Tom Hood tells us, be a fact in Woman's history, but I have yet to learn the soundness of its application to a fisherman's holiday. If, however, there really are anglers who—honestly, and not as a pose—measure their enjoyment of a fishing trip in inverse proportion to the

resorts, is comparatively small. If, moreover, salmon are to be fished for as well as trout, it is only fair to set against the cost of a return ticket something not inconsiderable for the rent of a month's rod on a salmon river; and if the latter should prove anything like I found the Tweed during three hot and unprofitable days of October, I venture to say that, even if eighteen days are taken up in the journey out and home, the sportsman will, with luck, catch more large salmon and trout in the remaining ten than he would ever see in the whole of his month at home.

As regards the salmon-fishing, I will be brief. The trout and black bass I sought and found for myself, but I was just too early for the salmon and had to pick up what I could about it at the clubs and from officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, in addition to carrying sportsmen to all the best waters in the country, is a veritable guide, philosopher and friend to all who seek its advice in their search for sport. The angler to whom the saving of time is an object may be strongly advised to put himself in communication with the headquarters at Montreal, where the Tourist Department generally has the latest reports from river and lake and can therefore despatch him without delay to the likeliest spot at the time of asking. The salmon-fishing is of two very distinct kinds. On the Atlantic side there is magnificent fly-fishing, as at home, and great sport may also be had in lakes like Edward and St. John, with that land-locked salmon, the ouananiche. On the Pacific seaboard, to reach which the visitor from England goes through the splendid scenery of the Rockies, there is a gigantic salmon, the coho, which is caught by trolling with a spoon in the sea. The steel head, of the capture of which Kipling gives such an animated account in the pages of "From Sea to Sea," is a sea-trout and not a salmon; but the coho (like those other Pacific kinds, the sockeye, quinnat and humpback) is a true salmon. Sir Richard Musgrave, fishing in the style referred to, caught one of 70lb., which took an hour and a-half to land; and a bag of half-a-dozen, weighing over 50lb. apiece, has more



FISHING FOR SALMON ON THE METAPEDIA RIVER.

than once been made in a day's fishing. Unfortunately, I had to leave Vancouver Island about ten days before the first run of the salmon was expected; but my informants were unanimous in assuring me that, save as a novel experience, such sport soon grew monotonous. I imagine this to be a matter of standpoint. I also have been in Arcady and killed my salmon on the fly; but I would not ask a much better day's fishing than six salmon scaling over 300lb. It is a

catch, well, I can only with deference suggest a rest cure somewhere out of the sun. The objection based on the necessary loss of time and money in travel has more in it, and indeed those with less than a month to spare may leave Canada out of the reckoning, while six weeks would be preferable, because, whereas the longer stay in the land does not add appreciably to the cost of what is called "transportation," the expense of living outside the great cities, and particularly at out-of-the-way angling

well-established fact, contrary, I think, to the popular belief at home, that these Pacific salmon do occasionally, though not often, take a fly in salt water. That they never do so in fresh is merely because the turbid rivers flowing west from the Rocky Mountains are so muddy that they could not by any possibility see it.

Of the fishing for trout and black bass, I saw enough, during my few weeks' stay in the land, to convince me that for many years Canada will provide such fishing as in older and more populated countries one associates only with the baseless fabric of nightmares. It is true that some of the rivers immediately adjoining the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway may prove disappointing; but that is the fault of those who forget the conditions and expect too much, being, moreover, too lazy to make little side-tracks of fifteen or twenty miles, which in a land of such distances count as no more than a few hundred yards at home. In a country like England, where the sacred rights of riparian owners are upheld by the law, and where the wandering sportsman may not even fish "private" waters from a bridge or boat, first-rate fishing may still be had (by the few privileged to enjoy it) close to our main lines. In America this is not to be expected. Waters stocked out of the public funds are, as riparian owners have of late been finding in California, public property, and where you admit the public free, gratis and for nothing, the privilege soon becomes not worth seeking. Those in search of better sport must, therefore, leave the beaten track.

It may probably be said, without exaggeration, that the still unfished, even unmapped, waters of Canada alone contain more fish than the known waters of any similar tract of Europe; but even some of those comparatively well known to sportsmen in the Dominion afford sport which so borders on the incredible that one hesitates to state the bare facts. When I describe a little lake in British Columbia, 5,000 miles above sea-level, less than five miles long, and less than five-and-twenty from the busy town of Kamloops (on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, just west of the Rockies), I shall, perhaps, give some faint idea of what even the greediest may expect. In that blessed water, the veriest duffer (*comme moi qui vous parle!*) may hook a rainbow trout at every cast the livelong day, all on the fly, and, cheerfully returning to the water every fish much under 11b., may reach the day's limit of twenty-five trout long before it is time to go home. If I add that the lake has been desultorily fished by white men for the past fifteen years, previous to which the Indians trapped it from time immemorial, and that two "fish-hogs" have before now caught (also on the fly) and carried off 1,500 trout in three days, I shall in all probability be accused of lying; but the facts are simply as stated. On the threatened over-fishing of Trout Lake, as it is called, the authorities at Ottawa have, none too soon, imposed restrictions, which will in future render such slaughter illegal. To enforce these rules an efficient warden, John Cowan, has been appointed, and he and his wife make fishermen very comfortable at Rainbow Cottage. There is, as already mentioned, a limit to the day's bag, and there is some talk also of extending the close season and raising the size-limit—all necessary checks on excess, if the lake is long to keep its wonderful reputation. It is reached from Kamloops in between three and five hours (according to the team available) in a vehicle locally known as a "Democrat"—no bad description of its free and easy treatment of you and your luggage.

All the fishing is done with fly from a boat, and among favourite patterns are the Montreal, Parmachene Belle, Rube Wood and a cow-dung with yellow body, all dressed on large hooks. The middle of the lake is deep, and few fish are taken there even by trolling with a minnow, a method that should be interdicted. It is at the edge of the reeds, where you can see the trout knocking insects off the stems, that the bag is made; and sport is much improved by sufficient breeze, from no matter what quarter, to ruffle the surface of the water. The boat is slowly paddled just past the bays in the reeds, and the only skill required is to cast close to these and to keep each fish clear of them when hooked. The extraordinary persistence of trout in this lake is a mystery, but is probably attributable to phenomenally favourable conditions of food. It has but one outlet, a tiny brook which runs close to the cottage, and in this the fry have a safe and suitable nursery, the

one cloud on their horizon being the strictly protected beavers. A colony of these interesting creatures has its home on the shores of the lake. Unlike the more destructive mink and otter, which share the same ground, they never devour fish, but they do a deal of mischief indirectly by their mania for carpentering, whereby they continually dam up the little stream. This would involve the suffocation of the baby trout for lack of running water, but for the vigilance of the warden, who, though he may not kill the beavers, is free to demolish their dams and thus give the water free passage. When, as must happen one of these days, Trout Lake begins to show signs of depletion, there



KOOTENAY FALLS, B.C.

will still be four or five others which lie, in a chain, a little further on, and are at present to be reached only by a rough horse trail. Already a few fortunate enthusiasts, proceeding thither with tents and pack-horses, have paid them a visit, and report that their trout are even bigger and more numerous than those in the lake nearest to civilisation. Personally, I had to be content with two days, two wonderful days, in the latter; but I never before saw trout rise in that manner to such crude casting, and I never hope to again.

My too brief acquaintance with Canadian fishing was, in fact, practically confined to its lakes. I did make an unsuccessful attempt to catch the sea-trout in the arm of the sea which runs into the beautiful Gorge Park, near Victoria, and I inspected the Bow River, close to Banff, with a view to sport. On its banks, however, I met some anglers with a string of trout that they had just caught by baiting with pieces of meat, so I decided to let it go at that! Nine miles or so from Banff, driving by way of the buffalo corral, you come to a very deep and beautiful lake called by an Indian name meaning The Devil. It lies in a cup of lofty mountains, quite unlike the reed-fringed Trout Lake, and more reminiscent of beautiful Tahoe, on the borders of California and Nevada. This lake contains enormous trout of 20lb. or 30lb., one of which may be seen in the Government Museum at Banff. I tried for the only hour I could spare, but without success, to coax one of these monsters on an immense spoon, the only method by which they can be taken.

It was in Brome Lake, some eighty or ninety miles from Montreal, that I first made the acquaintance of the black bass, regarded by enthusiastic admirers as superior even to the trout. Since both are delightful, comparison seems superfluous. Brome Lake is in character not unlike Trout Lake; but it is larger, and has a well-timbered island, on which, by leave of the ants and mosquitoes, one can camp for lunch. I was not privileged to catch this aristocratic perch on the fly, nor did I manage to get any of the specimen fish for which the lake is noted, such as the bass of 7½lb. which (with two others each over 4lb.) a Quebec sportsman recently caught there in a day's fishing. Still, with a trout rod and float tackle, and for bait a live minnow, grasshopper, worm, or "fresh-water lobster," black bass of a pound or two give excellent sport, jumping the moment they feel the hook, and making several more leaps clear of the water before coming to the net. They rise freely to the fly, I am told, in Brome Lake in June, and again in August. My visit, of course, was in July. Brome Lake is remarkable for its amazing variety of fish, no fewer than thirteen kinds living in its waters. On my own rod,

during two days' fishing, I caught black bass, pickerel, catfish, sunfish, perch and several other kinds. The perch, which were artificially introduced some years ago, swarm all over the lake and are treated as vermin by the *Habitants* (French Canadians), who kill each perch and throw it back in the water. Black bass are excellent table-fish, and even the pickerel, though poor fighters on the hook, made an appetising fry for lunch.

That Canada is an ideal holiday ground for the fisherman in search of new sport of a high order, amid lovely scenery, is undeniable. It may be that in early summer the mosquitoes and black flies will do something to discount his contentment,

but if he goes in August or September he will find that these pests have ceased from troubling. The beauties of the Dominion are so constantly impressed upon people at home, chiefly with the aid of photographs of the Rockies, that those who fish only in the Eastern Provinces may, perhaps, be disappointed on this score. Still, the Nipigon River, which perhaps has larger average trout than any equally fished river in the world, is beautiful in parts, and even the tamer scenes around the margin of Lake Superior are equal to anything of the kind at home. And there may be found the peace that only goes with solitude.

F. G. AFLALO.

THE VALUE OF PLOUGHING MATCHES.

ON Saturday the Duke of Devonshire, presiding at a luncheon given in connection with the Ploughing Match held on Major F. J. Maitland's farm at Friston Place, near Eastbourne, made some interesting remarks, for which the scene he had just been witnessing served as an admirable text. A great many elements had combined to make the day as pleasant as it was instructive. The Sussex Downs are not by any means seen at their worst during a glimpse of

November sunshine, which falls on grey stubble and green grass, and lights up the variegated leafage of the trees; and November



THE CHAMPION TEAM.

produced one of its brightest days for the occasion. The field chosen, too, was prettily situated in a hollow, with the grassy Downs rising on every side, so that those who were enjoying the incomparable air of the Downs on horseback had an opportunity of glancing downward on an attractive and lively scene. Further, the meeting, although it has only been established for three years, has become immensely popular alike with those who enter for competition and the

larger public which play the part of spectators. The Duke took occasion to protest against the misrepresentation to which agriculture



"THREE HORSES IN LENGTH."

is constantly being exposed by writers who have only a very theoretical knowledge of the subject. Those who are engaged in the actual work of farming have complained, with good reason, that the younger generation do not take to work on the soil with the readiness shown by their fathers and grandfathers, and some occupations which once were followed by intelligent and successful men are now neglected. We might select, for example, the craft of thatching and that of dry-stone-walling, "dry-stane-dyking" as they call it in the Northern hills. It is very difficult to obtain the services either of a man who is a good thatcher, or of one who can build those stones without lime which are found so serviceable in the great sheep walks of the North, and in many other parts



SHEEP-TRIMMING COMPETITION.



A TEAM OF WELSH OXEN.



SUSSEX WHEEL-POUGH.

of Great Britain. But the men who live in cities and write about these things are guilty of very great exaggeration when they expand these facts into a sweeping statement that the agricultural labourers of to-day have altogether forgotten their craft, or are in the habit of neglecting it. The ploughing match on Saturday was sufficient confutation of this statement. It attracted a very large number of entries—no fewer than eighty—the greatest, we believe, in the history of the match, and by universal consent not only was the work well and truly done, but the cattle and ploughs were turned out in the most

creditable fashion. The latter aspect of the matter is perhaps the most frequently neglected. The judges on Saturday took the greatest trouble to ascertain that the horses were not merely groomed and smartened up for the day, but that they were not suffering from the sores and other complaints incidental to hard work on a farm when it is in the hands of a careless labourer. To keep working horses in good condition it is not enough to give them a brushing and grooming only when it is necessary to make some sort of show. They must be attended to morning and night with intelligence as well as regularity. The opinion of the judges, backed, as it was, by that of the field, was that the horses on the whole showed evidence of this careful attention. They were a very fine lot of animals indeed. The ploughing itself attained to the highest standard of excellence. Those who are in the habit of asserting that on farms only unskilled labour is required would be very much surprised if they were asked to plough a lea. It looks so easy and simple to the spectator, who is more often in search of a picturesque effect than of anything else; but to make a straight and neat furrow of a carefully-regulated depth requires far more care and training than many of the tasks which fall to the performance of so-called skilled labourers. The ploughmen of the old sort used to take a pride in this little bit of artistry; but it was said, not without some element of truth, some fifteen or twenty years ago, when the industry was sick with the great depression, that much of this pride in their work had departed. No one who understands what the state of agriculture was in the early nineties could possibly wonder that all who were engaged in it felt disheartened. There are many men still living who remember to have sold their wheat for as little as 17s. 6d. per quarter, and the inundation of cheap foreign and colonial agricultural products



THE HAPPY PLOUGHMAN.

was so immense that it seemed as though English land could never again afford a profit to those who worked on it. Landlords

were disheartened because they had to give up their rents. Farmers were in despair because the prices they realised seemed to point to no other end than bankruptcy; and when labourers saw holding after holding given up or turned down into grass, and cultivation reduced to the lowest possible limits, it is no wonder that they lost some of their buoyancy and courage.

But, as the Duke suggested, a different era has now dawned. Once more there are hope and activity in the rural districts, and the labourers, who



A YOKE.

are quick to catch the spirit of the moment, are once more evincing a vigour and interest which are making themselves felt in their work. Mr. Gorringe, replying to the address made by the Mayor of Eastbourne, declared that considerably more interest was taken in the work than formerly, and his address was an inspiring call to those present to recognise that they were engaged in the largest industry in the country. This is a fact that many commentators seem to forget. There is more capital at the present day tied up in agriculture than in any other form of property, and there is no other branch of industry which gives employment to so many people as agriculture. Moreover, what is of even more consequence is that it is the healthiest of all occupations. The farm labourer, like his immediate master, is compelled by the very conditions of his work to spend the greater part of his time in the open air; often he has to rise by dawn and feed his cattle or tend to his sheep, and generally, in his own phrase, "works the sun round." Like Nature herself, he is slow and deliberate in his movements, and history has shown that in him and his race are, as it were, preserved and bottled up



THREE ABREAST.

those great energies on which the nation must rely in a time of crisis. And not only at times of crises, but to do the ordinary work of the world. The town artisan and factory hand weakens from generation to generation, and would probably die out altogether were it not for the sturdy recruits from the country who replenish and reinvigorate the ranks thinned by disease.

The ploughing match is only one of the many stimulants to skill which are now being applied to the agricultural labourer. Indeed it was not the only test on Saturday, as prizes in addition were given for several other forms of work. There were prizes, for instance, for sheep-trimming which excited very great interest among the spectators. There was a competition also in the homely, but very useful, art of making sacks. Prizes were given for building ricks both of hay and corn—admittedly one of the fine arts of the farm-yard. Perhaps those constructed to-day do not look quite so well as those of fifty years ago, but that is not the blame of the labourer. It is due to a change of conditions. The old-time farmer thatched and roped his ricks very carefully because he was looking forward to keeping them for a long time, whereas his successor of to-day gets the steam-

threshing machine and disposes of them at once. If we take into consideration what is done at agricultural shows throughout the year, we shall see that nearly every part of a farm labourer's duties is brought under review at them. The shepherd is encouraged to train his dog by the sheepdog trials, and how popular these are everybody knows who has attended a gathering at Tring or up in Westmorland. Shoeing horses and clipping sheep have long been part of such exhibitions, so that these very necessary accomplishments are encouraged and helped.

Our pictures give a vivid idea of what a ploughing match is like on the Sussex Downs. They show the sturdy and good quality of the horses employed, the Sussex wheel plough, the character of the country and the oxen which are still used in this country. It will be noticed that there is a great difference between the pulling of a horse and the pulling of an ox. The former, dragging with his chest, holds his head up; the latter, yoked by the neck, keeps his down. One cannot help thinking that it would be profitable to employ oxen in many districts more freely than is now the case.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN a well-known essay Mr. Ruskin points out how often in the novels of Scott, as in the dramas of Shakespeare, the heroine plays a more important part than the hero. What a poor creature Romeo is compared to Juliet! Rosalind outshines her lover, and indeed everyone, in "As You Like It." Lady Macbeth, if not a heroine, is at least a more vigorous personality than her husband. So with Scott. Rebecca the Jewess, Di Vernon and Catherine Glover are all vital realities, while the corresponding male in each case is only a walking gentleman. After reading Miss Florence MacCunn's *Sir Walter Scott's Friends* (Blackwood), one is tempted to seek for the reason in the novelist's splendid good fortune in being brought in contact with so many original and fine types of womanhood. His lot was cast at a time when the Scottish lady was at her zenith. We had nearly written old lady, because the sharp wit and ripe wisdom of so many suggest old age, but were checked by the remembrance that the most notable were either contemporaries of his youth or even younger than himself. The cultured Scotswoman of the eighteenth century was peculiar to her time and country. In England there always have been "noble dames," but they belonged to a different order. They sprang from a richer people and out of a different atmosphere. Nor did they resemble the clever Frenchwomen whose salons were resorted to by the illustrious. Scotland was still a poor country, and one of its characteristic products was "the penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree." This kind of girl often united in herself qualities that at the first blush looked contradictory. Her subdued demeanour and homely speech and bearing went hand in hand with ancestral pride and an independent spirit. Her frugality and common-sense were cultivated to a point approaching the prosaic; yet beneath this demure bearing was a heart fed on "the ballad notes" of Scotland, and touched with that feeling of romance which shows up so much more clearly when it is displayed in the life of a people usually so severe and practical. If she "kilted her coats o' green satin," and was off with some wandering lover, she was only following an example that had been frequently set.

Miss MacCunn, in her fascinating and finely written book, has very successfully recovered for us the atmosphere of Auld Reekie in the eighteenth century. Study after study flows from her pen, and each shows a thorough knowledge of the time and a delicate appreciation of individual gifts and traits of character. We asked ourselves, on laying down the book, which of Sir Walter's lady friends was the most desirable, and there was no doubt about the answer. Lady Louisa Stuart was the best of all, and it is scarcely to be doubted that Scott himself thought so. She was the youngest daughter of Lord Bute and lived from 1757 to 1851. Her shy and sensitive little face makes us know her from her picture. Probably Scott met her first at Bothwell Castle, and when "Marmion" was published they were in constant correspondence. She was the only woman to whom he confided the secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, and surely no author ever possessed a friend who united the most discriminating literary taste with such kindness and candour. "This applause is worth having," he wrote on the back of one of her letters, and why it was so is set forth with much lucidity by Miss MacCunn:

Her previous training had fitted her to be a critic. She had, for one thing, belonged to no literary clique, and had committed herself to no critical oracles; she started quite unprejudiced. She had felt too genuinely to have any leaning towards sentimentality; her habit of quiet, humorous observation had given her knowledge of manners and insight into motive. Her early reading had been in English history from the original sources, so that she

brought expert knowledge to her judgment of many of the novels. Her wide reading in the best literature had made her sensitive to style.

It was she to whom Scott wrote the manly and beautiful letter, after his financial disaster, in which he consoled himself by enumerating what was left to him:

My walks, my plantations, my dogs great and small, my favourite squire, my Highland pony, my plans, my hopes, my quiet thoughts.

She survived Scott by twenty years, and at eighty wrote a touching letter to Lady Montagu, in which this paragraph occurs:

I can understand the gulp it takes to give up all prospects and memories at once—but so it betides us all to do in one shape or another in our human life. As the Scottish peer said in signing the Union, "And so there is an end to an auld sang." I have seen the end of most of my auld sangs.

It was Lady Louisa Stuart who, when Scott was reading "The Lady of the Lake" at Lord Montrose's seat, Buchanan, detected "the thrill" in his voice at the famous "dreaming" passage:

Then—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth,

They come, in deep procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead.

The reference at the end of the same piece to "secret woes the world has never known" probably refers to the same event in Scott's life. This is his hopeless passion for Miss Williamina Stuart Belches. We know that he had no chance from the beginning, and that he had been misled by "the meekness of her manners." William Forbes, to be known afterwards as Sir William Forbes and, perhaps, the greatest man of business in his generation, had won her heart at first sight, and in the words of our author, "when in October 1796 young Walter Scott rode away from Fettercairn, he knew that his rival was to succeed him as a guest." If it had been possible to win her, Scott would not have lacked the co-operation of one of his most faithful friends, Miss Jane Anne Cranstoun, who on her marriage became the Countess Purgstall. She was the original, according to Captain Basil Hood, of Diana Vernon, and the recipient of young Walter's early confidences. It was she who was roused by her maid at six o'clock one morning with the message that Mr. Scott was in the dining-room and wished to speak to her at once. He had been up all night writing his translation of Burger's "Leonore," and his errand at that early hour in the morning was to induce her to listen to him reading it. Her ready wit suggested a delightful use for it. She and Erskine had a few copies beautifully printed, and sent one to the author that he might present it to the lady at Fettercairn. No doubt a young woman in love is likely to make a ready response to a call of this kind; but if she does not happen to be so, there is nothing more boring for her than to be obliged to read the poetry of a man she does not care for, and probably a passage in "Rob Roy" reproduces the incident, tinged by Scott's pathos and humour. It is when Frank Osbaldistone listens to his translation of "Ariosto" read by Di Vernon:

"There is a great deal of it," said she, glancing along the paper and interrupting the sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in—those, namely, of a youthful poet's verses read by the lips which are dearest to him.

The frank criticism was probably a reminiscence of Miss Cranstoun, but at the close of the sentence Scott's thoughts had taken the path which he generally kept closely barred against them. Scott's innate manliness enabled him to withstand his rejection

without any of those signs of grief which the afflicted lover occasionally displays in public; but the memory clung to his mind long after he had married Charlotte Carpenter and had become the happy father of those "woodland imps" to whom he refers so affectionately in one of the preliminary poems to "Marmion." Miss Cranstoun found a devoted husband in Count Purgstall; but her felicity was interrupted, first by the death of her husband and then by that of her only son. Fearful that she might not be buried beside her spouse, she never returned to Scotland; but Captain Basil Hood has reported a pleasant reminiscent talk in which she, as a valetudinarian, indulged when he went to see her in her castle of Hainfeld.

But perhaps the most typical Scottish lady of his acquaintance is recognised in Alison Rutherford (Mrs. Cockburn). Of her married life she says, "Nobody kept a house of more resort. Nobody more in the gay world. Our whole income was a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and we never owed a shilling." The fare at her parties might be only "rizzared" haddocks, or a "barn-door chucky," but the fun and merriment outdid the feast, outdid the frolic wine. She says:

On Wednesday I gave a ball: . . . I think my house, like my purse, is just the widow's cruse. . . . Our fiddlers sat where the cupboard is, and they danced in both rooms; the table was stuffed into the window and we had plenty of room . . . nine couples always dancing. It made the bairns vastly happy.

She was an intimate of Scott's father and mother, and must have helped to form the atmosphere in which he was brought up. "The extraordinary genius of a boy" she called him at six years old. Beside her must be placed Mrs. Anne Murray Keith. She, if anyone ever did, merited the description, "a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree," and she found a Lord Ronald MacDonald in Robert Keith of Craig, an impecunious slip of the historic house of Keith Marischall. When she died Scott wrote of her "Much tradition, and that of the very best, has died with this excellent old lady; one of the few persons whose spirits and cheerfulness and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable." She supplied him with much of the lore which finds expression in the famous novels.

MR. VINCENT'S POSTHUMOUS BOOK.

The Story of the Thames, by the late J. E. Vincent. (Smith, Elder and Co.).

IT is characteristic of the late Mr. J. E. Vincent that the last work he should have done was connected with the Thames, the river he knew so well and took so much pleasure in describing. It is an excellent piece of work. Mr. Vincent's plan is to begin at the head of the Thames and work his way down with easy digressions, making his final journey from Mortlake to The Pool. As he lived for a long time at Chelsea, had a house quite close to the Thames in Berkshire, and knew Oxford and the surrounding country very thoroughly, it will not surprise readers to find that the book teems with knowledge and is very agreeably written. Mr. Vincent knew not only the ordinary objects on the banks of the Thames, but the country houses. He had admired the Briar Rose pictures in Sir Alexander Henderson's house at Buscot, knew the fine collection belonging to Lady Wantage at Lockinge, and gossips as pleasantly about Morris as about the various locks. His chapter on Oxford is an excellent example of that light writing of which he was a master. The book may be thoroughly recommended alike to lovers of the Thames and to the general reader.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NOVEL.

The History of Story Telling, by Arthur Ransome. (T. C. and E. C. Jack).

MR. ARTHUR RANSOME in this book has chosen to be popular rather than profound. He traces story telling from primitive times, when it was probably used to relieve the tedium of the camp-fire. But out of that epoch sprang the literature of the Vikings, and of those traditional kings and queens, who may or may not have had any real existence. The first novelist was Boccaccio. He, like our own Chaucer, chose the homely "middlingness" of life as his theme, discarding the heroic style which was exemplified in "The Song of Roland" and similar legends. It

must have been a fascinating task for Mr. Ransome to trace out this great river of literature, with all the tributary streams, brooks and little rivulets which went to feed it. In the course of working it all out he delivers himself of many judgments with which we are inclined to disagree; but the book, on the whole, is likely to stimulate an intelligent interest in the literature of the imagination. We do not much like the method of illustration. The title-page reads, "With 27 portraits by J. Gavin," and the question that arises is, "What is a portrait, and what material had Mr. Gavin for making them?" Here are pictures of Jean de Meung, Chaucer, Boccaccio, Sir Philip Sidney, Cervantes, and so on, men with great names in literature, down to Sir Walter Scott, but they are and must be only impressions produced on the mind of the artist by the study of pictures. Some of the portraits do not strike us as being very happy. The Jane Austen, for example, appears to be a pure product of the artist's fancy. We cannot help thinking that it would have been much more satisfactory to illustrate a book such as this by authentic contemporary portraits, instead of by the fanciful impressions of a twentieth century artist.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

The Florentine Frame, by Elizabeth Robins. (Murray.) In her latest book Miss Elizabeth Robins has not advanced the reputation made by "The Magnetic North." The story is that of a woman of forty-one who falls in love with a budding dramatist of twenty-eight, she having a charming but, to English ideas, somewhat precocious daughter of sixteen. Financed by the mother, the budding dramatist arrives at the perfection of his flowering, and in return makes her a tentative offer of marriage. Meantime, however, the daughter has confessed to the mother that she is in love with the genius, likewise that he is in love with her—which he is not. The mother, however, deems it necessary to her daughter's happiness that she shall wed a man who does not love her, and in due course they are married. While on their honeymoon the mother conveniently dies, and the daughter discovers the secret of her husband's attachment. The book leaves them reconciled and happy in the anticipation of an addition to the household. But the atmosphere is distinctly electric, and divorce is so easy in America. Will Miss Robins dare to give us a sequel—ten years later?

The Lady of Blossholme, by H. Rider Haggard. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Mr. Rider Haggard is nothing if not vigorous. His new romance, which is a tale of the days of King Henry VIII., and opens in the year of the Pilgrimage of Grace, is crowded with incident and adventure, and hurries the reader on in spite of himself. The episodes are distinctly picturesque. There is a scoundrel of a Spanish abbot, a murder by a lonely lake, the wedding of a lovely orphan to a young man who is unable to defend her, their tragic separation and subsequent troubles, and a scene at Whitehall which is weirdly powerful. Mr. Rider Haggard well knows how to fix attention on his characters, even if they are not particularly life-like, and he has certainly succeeded in calling up a very vivid and, possibly, an accurate picture of Tudor England.

The Bluffshire Courier, by Pentland Peile. (Blackwood.) Mr. Peile, whose last book was chiefly concerned with the Royal and Ancient game, here tells another breezy story of the Western Highlands with a more substantial plot. An American heiress of Scotch descent and advanced Liberal views runs the paper which gives the book its name, and eventually marries a young duke whose political opinions are all that can be desired. The story has a pleasant background and makes good reading of a not too thrilling kind.

A Sense of Scarlet, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Heinemann.) The latest addition to Mr. Heinemann's "Library of Modern Fiction" consists of a number of short stories or "Chapters" which are hardly up to Mrs. Dudeney's usual level. The writing shows an undue strain, and as sensational methods are adopted from the beginning of a tale till the end, the point and snap which are the *raison d'être* of the short story are apt to be lost. Of a somewhat indifferent collection the tale which gives its name to the book is perhaps the least effective.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Education of Uncle Paul, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan.)
The Survival of Man, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen.)
The Medici, by Colonel G. F. Young, C.B. (Murray; 2 vols.)
The Story of the Thames, by the late J. E. Vincent. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
It Never Can Happen Again, by William de Morgan. (Heinemann.)
Fifty Years of New Japan, by Count Okuma. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

BRUSHING PUTTING GREENS.

GREEN committees generally, and green men almost always—we speak of the specimens which come under own observation—belong to a stiff-necked generation. It is difficult for them to see with the eye of faith or credit anything that is not obvious to the eye of physical vision. It is very difficult to make them comprehend what a deal of harm is done to the putting greens by brushing them. They see the worm-casts and the etceteras go, and it is only by an act of faith, which is scarcely possible for them, that they can realise the injury that each brush stroke does to the grass. There is a fine opportunity for them just at this season of the year to convince themselves of this injury. It is likely that each of them has something or other in the way of a garden attached to his house. In this garden leaves from the trees will have fallen, or will be falling, and presuming, as is only right, that the garden is a properly kept one, the gardener will often, perhaps daily, be round sweeping off the leaves for the double sake of tidiness and leaf-mould. It is hardly possible for the least observant owner of such a garden not to be struck by the destruction of the grass

in the places of the most frequent brushing; and as it is with the private lawn so, too, with the club putting green. If brushing has to be done at all, let it be most lightly and carefully—only here and there, where it is necessary, and with the bamboo rod used instead for breaking up the worm-casts when possible.

LADIES AT GOLF.

"Miss P. C. Collett did several of the holes in figures below the men's Bogey score." That is what we read in the report of the ladies' county championship on the Littlestone course. It was a championship which did not come the way of Devonshire, the county that Miss Collett represented, and indeed that unfortunate West Country suffered two bad defeats; but there is a certain ominous significance about the words quoted. There are other omens of a like kind in the land. Have we not read of Miss C. Leitch breaking record for either sex on the links of Sillitho, and does it not appear, in the light of these and other portents in the way of feminine golf, that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that we shall live to see a lady entering for our amateur championship? Restriction of the right of entry to those who are placed at scratch, or below it, according to the masculine

standard, will by no means of necessity exclude some of the masterful ladies. Already some are close down to that qualification mark; and if the ladies do learn to play golf so well as to beat us at the game, there is every reason why we should receive them gladly into the championship lists. The final heat of the ladies' county championship brought out some very good and close golf, Surrey winning four matches to Yorkshire's three, and so taking the champion honours; but it was only after a halved match, at the nineteenth hole, that Mrs. Jillard, leading for Surrey, beat Miss Bertha Thompson. Had this nineteenth hole gone the other way, so, too, would the championship. For third honours Devon beat Lincolnshire, and again Miss Collett, round in 87, played very fine golf.

THE GRIP.

The taking of a cast of Harry Vardon's hands, gripping the club for golf, is interesting. It is in part interesting as showing the seriousness with which people take these problems. It would be further interesting in a golfing museum or exhibition if we could have, side by side for comparison, the hands, as they grip the club, of Vardon, Taylor and Braid—these three. At the same time, it is not for the better golfing health of the world that it should put too much faith in the precise manner of a grip or of a little finger going this way or the other. We may get our fingers so that they make a very exact copy of Harry Vardon's as cast, and yet not be Harry Vardons in our execution. It takes more than the finger muscles working right to hit the ball; and if a man has acquired a fair game with quite a different kind of grip, he is likely to sacrifice far more than he will gain in the discomfort of contorting his fingers according to the great model. Good golf has been played in very various fashions. It will be remembered that Mungo Park, a first-class professional of his day, held his club with the left hand below the right, though he was, in other respects, what we call a right-handed player. It is curious that, if we give a club to any child in its unredeemed savage state, ignorant of all to do with golf, it will almost certainly attempt to hit the ball with the left hand held the lower. It seems the way that comes natural to the human being as normally constructed. We know many fine players who grip thus, which used to be a common grip with men who learnt in the West of Scotland, as at Prestwick. "Old Tom," we understand, began golf in that way. In Australia their champion is a left-hander. Obviously there are many ways of playing good golf and, perhaps, the only secret that goes through all the piece is that which was so often spoken by "Old Tom" himself, "The ba' maun be struck." So long as that is done, the rest does not so much matter.

THE "TOM MORRIS" MEMORIAL.

The conclusion of some protracted discussion as to the form which the "Tom Morris" memorial shall take is likely to be satisfactory to all who knew him—a bronze relief bust beneath the clock on the Royal and Ancient Club-house. The bust will be life-sized and will be modelled by Mr. Hugh Paton, the Edinburgh sculptor. This will meet the views of those who desired some visible memorial. The balance of the subscribed money will be given to a bed in the town hospital, on which golf professionals and caddies shall have a preferential claim.

OXFORD AND THE SOCIETY.

The Oxford side have continued their triumphant career by soundly drubbing a very respectable good side of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. Radley was deserted this year in favour of the new course at Frilford Heath, and the move was an unqualified success. Frilford, though at present a little rough and immature, is a really good course, with some holes that possess the genuine thrill; it is a delightfully pretty and rural spot into the bargain. By playing at Frilford the Oxford team sacrificed in a great measure the advantage of a home side, since they had not played over the course much more often than their visitors. They deserve, therefore, all the greater credit for their win. A number of the matches were exceedingly close and finished on the last green; but the important hole was nearly always won by

the younger player. Mr. Croome, as usual, won his match for the Society, beating Mr. Finch-Hatton at the last hole, and the other two winners among the more aged were Mr. Lushington and Mr. de Patron, the latter of whom beat a very formidable player in Mr. Macdonell, and that in no uncertain manner. Mr. Darwin succeeded in partially checking the victorious career of Mr. Evans, but had the hardest of hard work and not a little luck to secure a half. For grace and concentrated power Mr. Evans's play with his wooden clubs is very hard to beat, and he only needs rather more command over his shorter iron shots. Mr. Hooman was two down to Mr. Beveridge with but four to play, but made a brilliant spurt, involving a two at a short hole and a four at a very long one, and won a fine match by a hole. Mr. Hooman is one of a good number who are playing very excellent golf at Oxford this year, and the team should be quite an unusually strong one.

POOR CAMBRIDGE

While Oxford were making short work of the Society, Cambridge were trying to perform the same kind office to Northwood, and a very poor job they made of it. Northwood had a very strong team, and they were, moreover, at home on a course on which local knowledge is particularly valuable. To dodge about among giant hedges and whin bushes without quite knowing where he is going to is hard work for the visitor. Mr. R. W. Orr, whose name is more familiarly associated with the West of Scotland, led the Northwood side and beat Mr. Ulyat rather easily. Mr. Hoffmann, who has been in very good form lately, beat Mr. Ireland after a good match, and, to cut a sad story short, the first six Cambridge men were all defeated. Then came a redeeming feature in the shape of Mr. Medrington; but another Freshman, who is reputed a good player, Mr. Cochrane, was badly beaten. Altogether it was a bad day for Cambridge; but it is, after all, a long while yet before the University match, and there is plenty of time for one side to get into form and the other out of it. The choice of venue falls to Cambridge this year, and they may, perhaps, gain thereby some subtle advantage.

MR. J. M. HENDERSON, M.P.

On the roll of those who fostered golf in its early days in the South of England the name of Mr. J. M. Henderson certainly deserves a place. He was an original member of the Royal St. George's Club and among the first ten members of Felixstowe. Felixstowe is his particular happy hunting-ground, and he has a house near that delightful spot, which may now be said to share alone with Musselburgh the dignity of being a really first-class course of but nine holes. He has, of course, been captain of the club, and enjoyed, during last summer, a perfect blaze of triumph by winning the gold medal in August and then carrying off the September medal into the bargain. He is a shrewd, popular and humorous Scotsman, and occupies his non-golfing life in the avocations of a chartered accountant and Member for Aberdeenshire West.

THE RAGE FOR SHORT HOLES.

With the laying out of each new course that is worthy of any consideration, there is seen a tendency to increase the number of holes that can be reached in a single shot. At Stoneham, for instance, it is possible to do no less than six threes, or perhaps it would be fairer to say five, since one of the short holes is outside most people's driving range. Then, at Worplesdon, another of Willy Park's creations, there are five short holes, and, it should be added, five particularly fine ones. There are four or five at Stoke Poges, and instances might easily be multiplied. Some time ago a self-respecting course would not have permitted itself more than two, or at most three, and it was not uncommon to see a secretary boasting in print that at his club there were no very short holes. The result was that there were an infinity of rather short ones; and it may be permissible to instance one course, which is now defunct and has no feelings to be hurt—the old Cambridge course at Coldham Common—where there was at one time not one single hole that could be reached from



MR. J. M. HENDERSON, M.P.

the tee, and approximately eighteen holes that could be reached in a drive and an iron. That, of course, is wholly bad, and when the approach shot up to the hole is really crucial and difficult, it may be said that it does not matter how often it has to be played from the tee and not through the green. The only thing is that the total length of courses is still on the increase, and if

there are five or six short holes, the other twelve or thirteen have to be very long to make up the distance which is supposed to be essential. We see wonderfully exciting and interesting short holes nowadays, but there is the resulting danger that the long holes may induce a weariness of the flesh.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAW AND THE BURGLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The law does not recognise taking pot-shots at burglars as a legitimate form of sport, and perhaps it was fortunate that your correspondent's cartridges were missing at the time, for had he fired the weapon in the circumstances he narrates he would have stood a fair chance of finding himself the central figure of a trial for murder or manslaughter or for shooting with intent to kill or wound. The intentional infliction of death or bodily injury only ceases to be a crime when done under lawful authority or in order to defend a person from unlawful violence—the mere protection of property is not, as a rule, a sufficient excuse—and it has been laid down, over and over again, that it is not lawful to take, or attempt to take, the life of a person who is committing a felony without violence or unaccompanied by threats of violence, and that, though any occupier of a dwelling-house is justified in using force to resist the entrance of a burglar, and may to that end even kill the burglar, yet, if the latter is retreating without offering resistance and is then killed, the person firing the fatal shot or dealing the deadly blow may be convicted of murder or manslaughter, according to the circumstances. "Country House" and all in like case must not forget that a burglar may only be shot at when he so acts as to give reasonable ground for believing that he intends to accomplish his purpose, or to resist arrest, by the use of open force. For example, suppose "Country House" had come upon the burglar as the latter was in the act of rifling the plate chest, he would hardly say that he should be entitled to shoot the man in the back without warning, and yet that is really what his argument amounts to. If the burglar turns and advances in a threatening manner, or points a weapon, or even uses threatening language, shooting may, probably will, be justifiable, because there would at once arise a presumption that violence will follow, and the principle of self-defence comes into operation. But if the burglar on detection makes a dive for the window and "bolts," no fear of violence can be present and shooting at the fleeing man will be at the peril of the shooter. The effect of the various cases on this subject may be shortly stated as follows: I may resist the entry of a burglar and use force, even to the extent of killing, for that purpose. If he has entered and, on detection, threatens me or anyone else, I may shoot; if I try to arrest him and he violently resists, I may shoot; if, having been captured, he escapes, I may shoot in order to effect a recapture; but I am not entitled to shoot at a burglar who at once surrenders, or who is flying from the place, even though my most valued silver accompanies him in his flight. Preservation from attack must be the test; I am entitled to resist violence, or a reasonable fear of violence, with violence, but I am not entitled to put the burglar in peril when all fear of aggression has passed. These are rules of law; their application and the justification for shooting must largely depend on the varying circumstances of each particular case.—LEX.

A FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The arrangements which have been in progress for upwards of a year are now completed, and the whole of the Crystal Palace and its extensive grounds of more than 200 acres have been taken over by the Council of the Festival of Empire for the summer months of next year. I shall be deeply grateful for your assistance in bringing before the public the general scope of the festival. It will be the occasion, in which we feel sure that every Briton will be keenly interested, of a social gathering in England of our fellow-subjects of the British Empire from the different dominions across the seas; and it is hoped that the result will be far-reaching in its effect, and of real value in increasing our mutual understanding and goodwill, and thus in more firmly welding the bands of the Empire. There will be an important educational side to the festival, with interesting representations of the various aspects of scenery, life and industries in the different countries; and, as a central feature, produced with special regard to dignity and to beauty, a cycle of pageants showing the History of London, the "Heart" of the Empire. Already the Overseas Dominions have evinced keen interest in the project, and contingents from each of the countries under the Crown have been invited, the organisation abroad being represented by: Their Excellencies the Viceroy of India and the Countess of Minto, Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess Grey, Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Australia and the Countess of Dudley, His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand and Lady Plunket, His Excellency the Governor of Newfoundland and Lady Williams, His Excellency the High Commissioner of South Africa and the Countess of Selborne. In conclusion, I may add that any profits which may accrue will be devoted to King Edward VII's Hospital Fund.—PLYMOUTH.

PENALTIES UNDER THE CHILDREN ACT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few weeks ago you were good enough to publish a letter of mine drawing attention to the hard case of a very poor widow, living a long distance from any town where she could find an optician, who had been ordered by the medical officer to get glasses for her child's astigmatism. She believed herself liable to heavy penalties if she did not comply, and compliance, without charitable aid, was entirely impossible for her. Several correspondents took notice of the letter, one of them being Mr. J. G. Talbot, for long M.P. for Oxford University, and part of the gist of the letters was a contention that the penalties were not as she supposed. The report, which I

enclose to you from a daily paper, may serve to enlighten your readers further as to the hardship which might conceivably be caused by certain clauses in the Children Act. The "laughter" which is said to have greeted the reading of the penalties seems at the least to point to an absurdity which it might be well to remove.—H.

This is the quotation: "An explanation was given at the Hants County Council meeting yesterday by the chairman of the Education Committee with reference to the circular to which attention was called at the last meeting of that committee. This circular was sent to the parents who had omitted to supply spectacles for their child when ordered by the medical officer, and it pointed out that they were liable to a penalty of £100 or two years' imprisonment. The explanation was that the case was a very bad one and that the child was in danger of losing its sight. In the circular the medical officer had used the words of Section 12 of the Children Act as a final warning, sent after several other notices, and in his opinion he had done his duty. A new form of notice was now proposed, which stated: 'You are liable to prosecution either by indictment or summary jurisdiction, and in the former case the penalty is not exceeding £100 or two years' imprisonment—(laughter)—and in the latter case the penalty is not exceeding £25 or six months' imprisonment.' (Laughter.) These were the words of the Act, and he thought it was only fair that parents should know what liability they incurred. Several speakers suggested that the new circular would be worse than the other. The extreme penalties were for very serious offences and were not likely to be enforced, and the circular was an exaggeration. The Marquess of Winchester said that Parliament having inserted the penalty in the Act, the Education Committee had no right to vary it."

DUTCH AND ENGLISH NAVAL MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the incident represented on the top of the silver tobacco-box in Mr. W. Brinckman's possession is connected with the action which took place during August, 1781, between the Fleet commanded by Admiral Sir Hyde Parker and that commanded by the Dutch admiral, Zoutman, off the Dogger Bank.—H. A. STREET.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HANSOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am afraid you must not take too seriously the gossip which Mr. Albert Pell picked up from a coachman. The true history of the vehicle is as follows: In or about the year 1771, Mr. Francis Moore, a well-known coach-builder of Cheapside, designed a novel form of mail-cart for the London Post Office. The body was hung by means of a cranked axle between two wheels of 8 ft. 5 in. diameter, and the driver's seat was on the edge of the roof overlooking the horse. It is highly probable that Moore's design inspired Mr. Joseph Aloysius Hansom, when the latter set to work to invent a safety cabriolet. His enterprise was not, however, a strictly commercial one, as it was undertaken in response to an invitation from a young man of means, Mr. Dempster Hemming of Caldecote Hall, whose affairs the inventor managed. Hansom's original patent, dated December 23rd, 1834, was for a two-wheeled vehicle, with wheels of 7½ ft. diameter, revolving on short spindles at the centre line of the body of the carriage. These spindles also formed the only connection between the body, the framework and the wheels. The driver's seat was almost on a level with the roof-line in front, and the vehicle was entered by two swing doors in front, one on each side of the stay, extending down the middle, and to which the driver's foot-rest was affixed. The same patent had attached to it an alternative plan for entering the cab through the wheels, a suggestion never carried out. The first hansom suffered under the excessive weight arising from the peculiar method of attaching the wheels, while the principle of safety was confined to the fact of the body being situated barely a foot above the ground. The modern hansom is in all essential features the invention of Mr. John Chapman, better known as the promoter of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. It was Mr. Chapman who invented the suspended or cranked axle, the rights of which were acquired and applied by Mr. Hansom. Shortly afterwards Mr. Chapman also introduced the improvement of the straight axle, and the cutting away of the carriage body beneath the passenger's seat in order to make room for it, whereupon the driver was transferred to the present type of back-seat. Therefore, it would be more correct if "Hansoms" were known as "Chapmans." Mr. Hansom disposed of his rights to a company for £10,000, but no part of this sum was ever paid to him. The Patent Safety Cabriolet Company got into difficulties, and in 1839 Mr. Hansom took over the temporary control and succeeded in putting matters right. For these services he was paid £300, which was the only money he ever received in connection with the vehicle bearing his name. Directly the advantages of the perfected hansom cab were realised—namely, that it could be worked with a minimum of wear and tear and diminished risk of accident, and that it required little tractive force—the patent was unblushingly and widely pirated. Hansom's employes, who were mostly Jews, christened the pirate cabs "Shofuls," which is Yiddish for counterfeit, and has nothing to do with the fancied resemblance of the vehicle to a shovel. At first Hansom and his partners spent large sums of money in prosecuting the proprietors of these pirate cabs; but as the owners were usually "men of straw," they failed to obtain satisfaction.—H. G. A.

A SANCTUARY KNOCKER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was reminded by some of your late illustrations of a sanctuary knocker I saw a few years since on the vestry door of an interesting old church—St. Gregory's in Norwich. This flint-built church, of Perpendicular architecture, dates prior to 1386 and has one peculiarity, namely, that its altar stands on

an archway over the churchyard, which is a thoroughfare. Besides the curious escutcheon here shown, whose "ring of refuge" is, alas! wanting, the church boasts a brass lectern of 1496 date and an ancient black pall embroidered with angels carrying diminutive figures, possibly souls, while beneath each angel is the representation of a dolphin in the act of swallowing a smaller fish. The west tower is provided with a stone gallery for the ringers, having groined vaults above and beneath. St. Gregory's is well worth a visit, being by no means the least interesting of the thirty-five churches Norwich possesses. — E. BROUGHTON.



ON THE DOOR OF ST. GREGORY'S, NORWICH.

BEET SUGAR IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hear that at last a genuine attempt is being made to manufacture beet sugar in England, and that a company has been formed for the purpose. On many grounds the experiment is an interesting one. Sugar beet, however, is seen grown on farms in England, and I have noted that the percentage of sugar from the English-grown roots is equal to that of German beet, and I believe quite as much weight per acre can be raised at home as abroad. I have been informed, however, by a German agriculturist that the percentage of sugar decreases after the land has produced beet for several years. It is stated in the prospectus, "So far as the directors have been able to ascertain, the only previous attempt in England to produce sugar from sugar beet for commercial purposes was made at Lavenham, in Suffolk, on a comparatively small scale in the year 1868. This, however, was not a complete sugar factory, as the juice was extracted from the beet, and the syrup sent away to be manufactured." Living, as I do, near to Lavenham, I have often heard this experiment referred to by farmers, and I have gathered that there was no difficulty about the cultivation of sugar beet. Beet as lifted from the soil is a heavy and bulky crop, and it is necessary that a large acreage should be grown in the immediate vicinity of the sugar manufactory. This new company states that it has already contracted with growers for about 2,000 acres of sugar beet for five years for supplying the factory. Whatever may be the fate of this company, I see no reason why sugar should not be manufactured in this country from home-grown roots at a profit, and I am sure all English agriculturists will wish the new undertaking every success.—W.



SOUTH AFRICAN SQUIRREL.

SOUTH AFRICAN SQUIRRELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The uncertainty of temper displayed by British and foreign squirrels, and the disagreeable manner in which, on very slight provocation, they attempt to use their teeth for purposes of aggression, render them, as a rule, anything but desirable pets. An exception must, however, be made in favour of the South African ground or fan-tailed squirrel, photographs of which I enclose. This is an exceedingly docile creature, full of quaint antics and brimming over with fun, and is seldom affected by the sudden attacks of irritability and savageness to which nine y-nine out of every hundred of the genus *Sciuridae* are subject when kept in captivity. As I find that this attractive little animal is as yet a comparative stranger to British squirrel-keepers, a few notes on its habits in confinement may possibly be of interest to your readers. The pair shown in the photographs are kept in a commodious greenhouse, and are therefore practically at liberty. Their partiality for fern fronds and other foliage which may appeal to their fancy is rather detrimental to the appearance of the plants in the house, but the amusement they afford makes ample amends for any damage they may commit. In regard to their food they are very fond of monkey-nuts, melon and pumpkin seeds, varied by lettuce and other green stuff; but bread and milk and meal-worms are the greatest dainties that can be supplied to them. Whenever their owner or any members of his family enter the greenhouse, the fan-tails follow them about after the manner of dogs; but if there is the slightest suspicion of their favourite meal-worms being in evidence, they immediately forsake the ground and investigate the pockets of their visitors in search of these coveted tit-bits. As a rule when feeding they curl their tails over their backs, showing the prettily-marked under portion, and when running they invariably keep them in a perfectly horizontal position, an inch or so from the ground. When they are surveying new places or startled by strange noises they have a habit of standing upright and perfectly motionless, and under the influence of fear they emit a sound resembling a fairly loud sneeze. As bedtime approaches the female carries mouthfuls of straw to their sleeping-box. This, by the ingenious employment of her mouth and paws, she brings into manageable lengths, which are then neatly arranged as a mattress. Now and again the male affords her a little assistance in this direction, but as a rule he is content to leave the business of bed-making to his industrious little spouse. Judging by what I have seen of the pair referred to here, I am of opinion that when the fan-tailed squirrel becomes better known in this country it will be an exceedingly popular pet.—G. E. SIMMS.



SOUTH AFRICAN SQUIRREL.

THE COOKING OF THE WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you give me a recipe for cooking a woodcock? I shall be grateful if you will do so. Too often—but for some reason unexplained by anyone to me—a woodcock tastes of feathers. Some months ago I saw in *COUNTRY LIFE* a reference to a method "our grandfathers" had of cooking a woodcock on a silver chafing-dish on the dinner-table; but the method was not explained. I believe all birds should be roasted on a spit turning before a slow fire; but it is especially the chafing-dish method I am inquisitive about.—EASTERN COUNTIES.

SWEET PEAS IN POTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just read the letter from Lady Constance Combe in your "Correspondence" about growing sweet peas in pots. Surely it is too much to expect to have them in bloom two months after sowing! I shall be very much surprised if he gets any bloom at all with three or four in a 6in. pot, which is altogether too small. I have been very successful, and last winter they did remarkably well, in spite of the very severe weather we had here. I cut the first perfect blooms on April 21st; these were Gladys Unwin. King Edward VII. was next, and these two did better than any that I grew. I sowed the seeds about November 15th in rich loam with a little leaf-mould, and grew four only in a 12in. pot, and had six pots. From these I cut within a few of 2,000 sprays of bloom. Once I cut 105 sprays on one day, mostly three

blooms on a stem. As the plants grow I lower the staging, and finally sink the pots in the ground up to their rims. I have never seen finer plants or bloom than I had last winter. This year I have fourteen 12in. pots with four plants in each, all about 6in. high, with four or five shoots to each. They had been outdoors up to a fortnight ago. The main thing is to give plenty of air and not allow them to become dry.—PERCY M. COLLINS, Mansfield.

A TIMELY REMINDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Visiting South Devon recently, at the foot of several of the steep hills of that district, particularly round Torquay and Brixham, I noticed boards fixed up by the roadside similar to the one here illustrated, which is situated on the road from Brixham to Churston. I do not know who is responsible for these kindly reminders to drivers to give their horses a little consideration, but whoever it is, be it the local governing body or a private individual, I certainly think that most readers will agree they are worthy of commendation, and might very well be taken as an example to be followed in other parts of the country.—F. LUMBRES.

NILGHAİ BROUGHT UP BY HAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In case you may think it a matter of sufficient interest, I enclose a snap-shot of our two baby nilghai (blue deer) being fed with a baby's feeding-bottle. The little nilghai were presented to us by a native officer in the regiment when they were only a day old, about six weeks ago. They took to the bottle without any bother from the first, and it is an amusing sight seeing them fed. Our dogs also take great interest in the operation, Judy, the fox-terrier, being most motherly and licking their muzzles when finished. Unfortunately, I have not yet been able to secure a good "snap" of the latter performance. The nilghai are most tame and friendly, and make an extraordinary noise like the mewling of a kitten.—NINA SHEFFIELD SORRELL.

PRUNING MAGNOLIAS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I notice in your article on creepers for houses in your paper of November 6th you advise the pruning of *Magnolia grandiflora*. I have hitherto seen in various garden books that this tree resents the knife, so, though much bothered by the excessive growth of two magnolias on a wall near the house, I have not ventured to prune them. I should be extremely glad to know at what time of year this would be safe? The springs here (Puttenham, Guildford) are late and the trees exposed to cold south-west winds, bringing sleet and snow, while winter rarely begins in earnest until late December; the soil is warm. Also, I should like to know at what age magnolias generally bloom? Mine have



A TIMELY REMINDER.

been planted nine years and grown perhaps too luxuriantly. Probably pruning may help them. Advice will be gratefully received.—AGNETA H. COCKS.

[*Magnolia grandiflora* does not like a general pruning back of all its shoots, but the complete removal of any superfluous boughs can be undertaken at any time. The moment we should choose would be the late spring, just at the time, or before, the season's growth begins with the bursting of the new leaves through the sheaf. Plants in favourable positions flower quite young—say when they are 5ft. or 6ft. high. They should not be in rich soil, as this produces too luxuriant a growth. A little root-pruning would probably do good in the case cited. The plant should be in the full sun to flower well, as the wood needs to be thoroughly ripened.—ED.]

OLD OLIVE TREES IN MAJORCA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In the equable temperature of the Balearic Isles every desirous of vegetation flourishes, and just before the road enters the pass that threads the range of precipitous hills that divide the plain of Palma from the slopes of Miramar, a particularly interesting sight meets the eye, for here on either side of the road stretches a wide plantation of olive trees, evidently of great age. These trees are popularly supposed to be a thousand years old, but all record of their planting has naturally been lost in the dim vista of bygone centuries. On every side stand the fantastic ruins of these time-worn veterans, many of them possessing but little semblance to trees. Here and there the remains of a giant trunk consist of nothing but from six to a dozen gnarled and contorted sections of the outer layers of the trunk and bark, from 2ft. to 4ft. in circumference; those serpentine coils, in the absence of the central wood, resemble huge cables, covering at their bases a circumference of several yards and thickening and meeting again at a height of 12ft. or 15ft., a mere distorted skeleton of what was once a solid trunk. So quaint and grotesque are the forms assumed by many of these hoary patriarchs that they well repay a lengthened inspection. The tree shown in the accompanying illustration was one of the largest in its immediate neighbourhood, its trunk measuring about 40ft. in circumference at the ground-level, and was in an excellent state of preservation compared with many of its adjacent comrades. When these aged trees were first pollarded it is impossible to say; but, as may be seen from the illustration, a few comparatively young fruiting branches still spring from the misshapen trunks, which are subjected to an heroic method of pruning, branches thicker than a man's thigh being often sawn off, while some of the distorted wrecks are denuded of all their branches except one or two barely as thick as a man's arm. All the older trees in the Majorca olive plantations are pollarded, but the younger are allowed to make unrestricted growth.—WYNNDHAM FITZGERBERT.



NILGHAİ BEING FED.



"THE REMAINS OF A GIANT TRUNK."